



FALL TRAVEL ISSUE

# The Washington Post Magazine

OCTOBER 18, 2020

## Grounded

During the pandemic, two lifelong travel writers take a journey inward to reflect on lessons learned around the globe

STORIES BY ANDREA SACHS AND JASON WILSON

**Plus: A bike trail offers an escape that's close to home**

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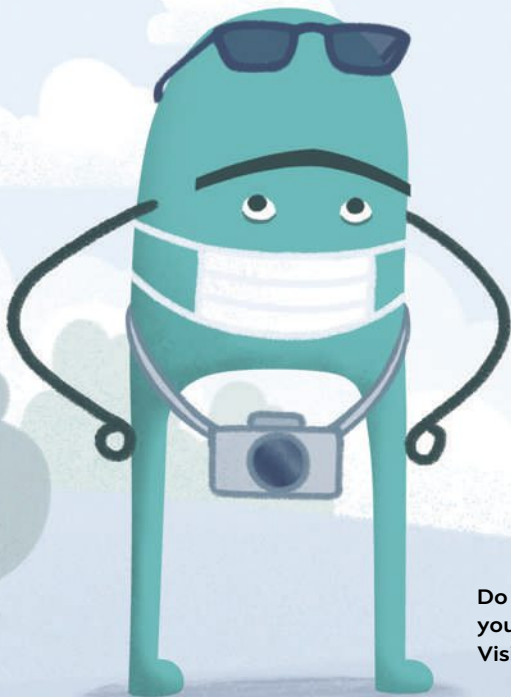
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A photograph of a city skyline at night, with a curved road in the foreground. The skyline includes several tall buildings, some of which are brightly lit. The road has a curved path with a green and yellow border.

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# The Washington Post Magazine

## 10.18.20



### Art With a Point

**Title:** "Trick or Treat"

**Artist:** Paul Blow, Bridport, England

**From the artist:** I'm drawn to ideas surrounding our longing for and consumption of something at all costs — even when it is plainly bad for us, like these huge lollipops. Halloween actively magnifies this contradiction. Will the extra dimension of the coronavirus amplify our cravings even more, or will we give up? I wanted to convey our frustration with these desires.

For more art from the magazine's table of contents, go to [wapo.st/mag-art](https://wapo.st/mag-art).

**On the cover:** Illustration by Spiros Halaris

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Facebook: **The Washington Post Magazine**  
Email: [wpmagazine@washpost.com](mailto:wpmagazine@washpost.com)  
Editorial: **202-334-7585**  
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# Opening Lines

Susan West Montgomery looks at the Casselman River from a bridge leading to a tunnel at Mile 52 on the Great Allegheny Passage bicycle trail from Cumberland, Md., to Pittsburgh. Photograph by David Montgomery

## An escape route close to home: This 150-mile bike trail puts the cares of 2020 behind you

BY DAVID MONTGOMERY

Not far into the chilly dimness of the Big Savage Tunnel, I started to feel panicky: The archway of proverbial light at the end was not getting larger, as if I were not getting nearer. As much as I pedaled, it seemed I wasn't progressing.

The illusion passed, and after a few minutes my wife, Susan, and I emerged into the hot sunlight of southwestern Pennsylvania. But that tells you how long the tunnel is — about two-thirds of a mile — and it's just one of the stunning features along the Great Allegheny Passage bicycle trail from Cumberland, Md., to Pittsburgh.

The pandemic has closed so many travel options, but not this one, which has been on my bucket list for ages. The 150-mile route picks up where the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal towpath from Georgetown to Cumberland ends. It thrills me to know that our land is threaded with forgotten corridors left over from antique transport modes — mule-pulled canalboats, coal-fired locomotives — that still connect major metropolitan areas. Susan and I were familiar with the towpath, but the Great Allegheny Passage was unknown to us, almost exotic sounding: “passage” through what? This three-day ride in late August would be a test of how far from the cares of 2020 you can get on a quick local vacation.

We found the medallion marking Mile 0 of the GAP, as the passage is known, embedded in the pavement of the little plaza that serves as the transition from the end of the towpath. It must be a magical keyhole, because pedaling off the sidewalks of Cumberland and onto the trail felt like vanishing into an alternate dimension where we were









A steel plant in Braddock, Pa., as seen from across the Monongahela River at Mile 137 of the bike trail.  
Photograph by David Montgomery

euphorically alone and sprung free.

The route hugged a creek through a deep wooded gorge and for a time ran parallel to the Western Maryland Scenic Railroad. As the miles rolled behind us we listened to the cicadas and the crackle of crushed limestone beneath our tires on the hard-packed trail. I was riding an ancient Trek that I had used in college. Susan was astride a commuter bike that she got when she was headed back to work not long after the birth of our first daughter, nearly 22 years ago.

Hypnotized by the rhythm of pedaling, one of the first things we talked about was our dreams. Not our dreams for the fraught future, but our dreams from last night and the night before. We pondered the random people from our past who appeared in them, and we speculated on whether we existed in their dreams. I couldn't remember the last time we'd had one of these aimless, spacey conversations we used to have so often. "It reaffirms how fun it is to be just the two of us," Susan said at one point.

We had both spent the previous days focused on coverage of the 57th anniversary march to commemorate the 1963 March on Washington, a continuation of a summer of protests for racial justice, and now, at Mile 20, the passage was taking us from Maryland into Pennsylvania across the Mason-Dixon Line, the traditional border between the North and South. It's marked by stones inlaid diagonally across the trail. A few miles earlier, on a rusted railroad signal post, I had seen scrawled in chalk the name of George Floyd, who was killed in police custody in Minneapolis, well north of the Mason-Dixon. As I crossed over, I thought about how some borders have lost their meaning in 2020.

The Eastern Continental Divide, at Mile 23, seemed equally unremarkable at first. A culvert marked our passage over the geographic divide between the watersheds of the Atlantic Seaboard and the Gulf of Mexico. I shrugged and spat on either side so a little of my DNA might make it to both the Chesapeake Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Only as we continued pedaling did we notice: The going had

become subtly easier. The trail had been barely perceptibly uphill from Cumberland. But from here on, the passage to Pittsburgh would be slightly downhill. With no extra effort, our pace increased from 7.5 mph to 10. I felt an inexplicably profound satisfaction in realizing that, even though technology has vanquished topography, on my bicycle, a force so elemental still counted.

We stopped for food breaks and lodging in river hamlets and railroad towns where charming bed-and-breakfasts, brewpubs and bicycle shops are just hanging on through the pandemic. Some of the food options were gourmet, but the best dinner after a long day of riding — a Sunday, when the restaurants were closed — was actually a gas station pizza that we split, along with a few Fat Tire beers, chosen for the bicycle printed on their labels.

The trail continued along another old railroad right of way, which, in 1912, opened the most efficient route for freight to travel from Pittsburgh's factories to the East Coast. This corridor had been carved in record time by laborers who were African American and immigrants from Ireland, Italy and Mexico. We felt a gratitude toward them because of our reliance on the monuments they left behind: the incredible tunnels that pierced the mountains and the panoramic bridges and viaducts that spanned swift-flowing creeks and lush cornfields.

Around Mile 93 I spotted what looked like little caves in the woods on the side of the trail. But upon closer inspection I saw that they were the mouths of disused coke ovens, where the high-quality coal mined nearby was baked into fuel for the steel mills of Pittsburgh. Now trees had grown around the abandoned brick kilns, and brambles and spiderwebs camouflaged their openings. We paused at trailside memorials to mine disasters — 239 miners killed in an explosion in 1907; nearly two dozen blown up or entombed alive in 1901. These calamities occurred just off what is now the bike path, but the forest has erased most traces of that way of life and death, except for a few shiny black coal seams that still beckon from rock formations beside the trail, and a red waterfall of acid runoff from one old mine that stains logs and stones the color of cayenne pepper.

What couldn't be erased was how the pandemic has hammered business at the retail plazas planted where the mighty mills that helped win World War II used to be. We pedaled across empty parking lots, admiring vestiges of steel glory preserved like sphinxes in a postindustrial desert: a massive gantry crane marooned between a Courtyard by Marriott and a Hampton Inn; a dozen towering brick venting stacks standing sentinel over an AMC movie theater and a LongHorn Steakhouse.

Eventually, from the deck of the Hot Metal Bridge over the Monongahela River, we could appreciate the skyline of a city that no longer depends on coal or steel. We then cruised to Point State Park, where the Ohio River begins, and where another medallion embedded in the pavement told us we had reached the end of our passage. It was an abrupt return to 2020. Cars, crowds, the threat of the coronavirus and raw impatience seemed everywhere. "You're not supposed to stop there!" snarled an urban biker when I paused to take a picture. I pulled my bandanna over my face for the first time in three days of riding.

Susan and I looked at each other. Yes, we were back where we started. But what a long way we had traveled in the meantime — and much farther than the 150 miles between the two medallions. A history of America had unspooled for us along those miles, both tragic and inspiring. I felt more hope in my own endurance, and in the nation's, than I did three days before. The darkest of tunnels comes to an end, I knew, if you just keep pedaling.

David Montgomery is a staff writer for the magazine.



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*“It’s really easy to raise money on fear. It’s a lot harder to raise money on solutions.”*

# Joshua Powell

INTERVIEW BY KK OTTESEN / PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDON THIBODEAUX

Joshua Powell, 47, is the author of “Inside the NRA: A Tell-All Account of Corruption, Greed, and Paranoia Within the Most Powerful Political Group in America,” published in September. From 2016 to 2019 he served as senior strategist to the National Rifle Association and chief of staff to Wayne LaPierre, chief executive of the NRA.

**In your book, you describe the corruption, greed and gross mismanagement you saw while at the NRA. Do you see yourself as a whistleblower?**

Of course. And I hope it’s much more than that. I hope we can actually move this debate [on guns] a bit. Look, as I described in my book, I became caught up in the fight to save Wayne [LaPierre]. I mean, I poured the lemonade and stirred it. I was the guy kind of strategizing how we defend all this garbage. And it took me some time to sort through that, personally.

**The NRA issued a statement calling your book a “fictional account,” saying you were a marginal character, fired for facing [accusations of] sexual harassment and financial impropriety — and that you had been effusive about NRA leadership right up until the time you were fired. What do you say to that criticism?**

They conveniently leave out the fact that I was offered a substantial severance agreement with a nondisclosure agreement that’s nothing short of a gag order — that I said “no” to. Then they fired me. They wanted to basically pay me off for my silence. And at some point, I decided: I can’t do that. If I don’t step forward, who’s going to step forward? In truth, nobody was attacking me over there until now. And I’m sure it’s only going to get worse.

**You talked about Wayne LaPierre’s tendency to cater to that fringe and throw gasoline on the fire, famously saying after Sandy Hook, “The only way to stop a bad guy with a gun is [with] a good guy with a gun.”**

Right. Which is absurd. That is the quintessential example of pouring gas on the fire. And it was more than a tendency. It was a way of doing business. It’s really easy to raise money on fear. It’s a lot harder to raise money on solutions.

It was a real lost opportunity; it could have been a time to move on some of these background check bills, et cetera. So when I say, the NRA has blood on its hands, which people are outraged that I’m saying now, that’s what I’m referring to.

**Do you see any solutions?**

Guns are not going away in this country anytime soon. It’s part of the fabric of the country. I have to believe that there’s a better way, as Americans, that we can live with guns. What I hope is that maybe, just maybe, we can start to have that conversation. We have to look beyond bouncing from crisis to crisis — and, in this case, shooting to shooting — to try and find a solution. But I will tell you, because I haven’t made this complete left conversion to banning guns [laughs], I haven’t really been invited to a conversation. On the other side, it’s the same thing. So that’s a little bit troubling. But I’ve got to keep talking. So I try.

**Do you regret working for the NRA?**

There are definitely parts that I regret, things I would have handled differently. But had I not participated and been there and worked and seen all of this, well, then I couldn’t have this educated conversation, and, hopefully, make a difference. And so I have to kind of look forward.

And if justice is served with the NRA, and I could be a part of that, I can sleep at night. What would be much more important is to move this [conversation] off of the edges and change it from a rant to a discussion. I absolutely believe that there’s a lot of smart people on all sides of this. And maybe, just maybe, because the NRA is on its heels in this kind of death spiral, it will start to move forward.

This interview has been edited and condensed. For a longer version, visit [wapo.st/magazine](http://wapo.st/magazine).







**Shannon Redmon**

is 27 and works in financial planning. When asked about his type, he replied, “Open to all. Usually, though, thinner, glasses, dark hair and light eyes.”

**Mike Zell**

is 31 and works in IT. He is seeking “someone who has goals in life,” is “on the road to achieve them” and is creative and funny.

## Avoiding the dreaded ‘What do you do?’

**S**hannon Redmon is a self-described people person who loves watching dating shows such as “Love Is Blind” because at heart he’s a romantic. “Love at first sight can [be] and is definitely a thing,” says the 6-foot-3 Cumberland, Md., native.

Shannon, who is in sales and coaches high school girls’ basketball in his free time, moved to Washington after college four years ago with stars in his eyes. “What I really wanted to do was go into politics and then I learned when starting in politics there is no money, and my wine habits really wouldn’t let me be successful in that field,” he said.

His gregariousness kept the 27-year-old dating fairly frequently in the Before Times, but Shannon admits that pandemic sheltering-in-place gave him a chance to reflect on what he wanted romantically. “Do I want a partner or am I cool by myself? It’s been kind of nice for me to figure out more specifically what I want,” he says. “Long-term I definitely want a partner and a companion for sure, but you know dating is a numbers game and you gotta pick through the weeds.”

Dating hasn’t been as frequent or as easy for Mike Zell. “I’m a person who loves sleep, and if I don’t get sleep I do not do well the

next day. So I am usually in bed by 8 p.m. because I am up at 4:45 a.m.,” he explains. “People don’t really like that during the week I won’t do dates and go out later. I can’t do that, I’m sorry. I’m a weekend person.”

Mike also says the dating culture in this area — the 31-year-old is a born-and-bred Virginian — is problematic because “people are uptight and a little shallow and self-centered,” so he purposely avoids asking the dreaded “What do you do?” when he meets people. “I don’t want there to be some expectation or them to worry about what they do or feel like they have to divulge or feel they need to impress,” he says. “I don’t want that to be a deciding factor around who I am.”

Mike, who does IT support for military VIPs, would like to have a long-term monogamous relationship and applied for Date Lab after a friend who applied and was matched talked him into trying it too. “I was like: My dating life is nonexistent and the apps don’t work for me, so, sure, why not?” he says. “I went online, filled out the application and then I completely forgot I did it until I got the random email.”

To be mindful of covid-19 concerns — and Mike’s weekday witching hour — the two settled on a virtual date with dinner delivered to each of them ahead of time. When they signed on, Shannon’s first thought was “Okay, this is not what I usually go for, but stay open. Don’t let that be a determining factor. I was channeling ‘Love Is Blind.’”

Mike, on the other hand, thought Shannon was nice-looking and

*The date “felt more like a Skype call, like seeing my friends in Europe as opposed to a formal date,” says Mike Zell. “But weirdly I still felt nervous.”*

liked that they didn’t go straight into the standard D.C. date questions of “who do you know, what do you do, how much do you make.”

Then they started chatting. And chatting and chatting and chatting. For two hours. “We talked about how we both studied abroad in Europe, talked about music, shows we were watching,” Mike says. “We discussed movies and then we got on TikTok and Vine and all that jazz. It felt like a date, but it also felt more like a Skype call, like seeing my friends in Europe as opposed to a formal date. But weirdly I still felt nervous — ‘Oh, I haven’t done this in a while, oooo, help me.’”

Luckily Shannon says he had no problem taking the lead in the conversation. “The first hour was, I think, really him, like, warming up. In the second hour you kind of see a little more personality coming through,” he says. “I think it was one of those things that was like there was never any lull in the conversation, but it was more or less like he would say something and I would try to relate to it.”

The two wrapped up the date by exchanging contact information, and Shannon is open to a second, in-person date to gauge chemistry. “I’m a firm believer in ‘Try everything twice.’ The first time it can always be awkward, so if he reached out and was like ‘Hey, let’s have drinks,’ I would be down for that because I think in person maybe things could be different,” Shannon says. But he was leaving the ball in Mike’s court. Mike told me he would definitely text about getting together over the weekend.

#### RATE THE DATE

**Shannon:** 2.75 [out of 5].

**Mike:** 3.9.

#### UPDATE

The two did text back and forth some, but there was no second date.

Tanya Ballard Brown is a stand-up comedian and an editor at NPR.



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A photograph of a modern house at dusk. The house features large glass windows and doors that are illuminated from within, showing a warm interior. A wooden deck with a railing extends from the house into a wooded area. The trees are dense and have some autumn-colored leaves. The sky is a deep blue.

DESIGN  
TRENDS

NOVEMBER 1, 2020

The Washington Post Magazine



# 6

## Nearby Destinations for a Fall Road Trip

**A**utumn has always rewarded those who are willing to get outside with postcard-worthy backdrops. Colorful leaves and inviting temperatures practically pull you from home and into the countryside. But what about now, amid a pandemic?

Travelers just need to take new precautions this year and adjust their expectations. With that in mind, it's okay to seek a change of scenery, and your mental health will thank you for it. Even if your favorite annual events have been canceled, plenty of others are still being held in creative formats aimed at keeping visitors safe. Many businesses have also adjusted how they operate, so you can still enjoy an array of attractions, accommodations and restaurants no matter where you end up.

One of the safest ways to travel this season is to take a road trip to a nearby destination. This way you have full control over who joins you for the ride. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) recommends reducing stops along the way that would bring you into

close contact with other people, such as for gas, food and bathroom breaks. Once you arrive at your destination, act as you would at home. Wear a face covering in public spaces, practice social distancing and wash your hands frequently. Following CDC guidelines will ensure you are traveling responsibly and protecting yourself, your fellow explorers and anyone else you meet along the way.

Tourism destinations all over the Mid-Atlantic region are doing their part to keep travelers safe and put them at ease. Discover a new nearby destination this year and take advantage of the great outdoors while the weather is still pleasant. We're featuring six local getaway spots that are perfect for a fall road trip, whether you're traveling solo, with a quarantine pod or with your family. Cruise along scenic byways, tackle a challenging hike, visit a pumpkin patch or sip local wines while admiring the surrounding vineyard. Spend the night in a cozy cabin, at an accommodating hotel or camping under the stars. Your next adventure awaits. ►

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## ALLEGANY COUNTY, MARYLAND

Escape to the mountains in Allegany County, the Mountain Side of Maryland, where more than 60,000 acres of public lands await you. Inside Green Ridge State Forest, nature lovers can go hiking, mountain biking, camping, kayaking and angling on the Potomac River. Rocky Gap State Park, including 243-acre Lake Habeeb, is a premier destination with dog-friendly beaches. For dramatic views of fall foliage, bike the Great Allegheny Passage, a 150-mile rail-trail from Cumberland, Md., to Pittsburgh, Pa., or tackle the 184.5-mile C&O Canal Towpath, part of the National Park System, which runs from Cumberland to Georgetown in D.C.

## HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

It's easy to get to Hagerstown, with a drive along your choice of Maryland Scenic Byways. The expansive area is known for its vistas—perfect for bird watching and breaking out your binoculars—at five national and eight state parks, and it is also home to fantastic local wineries.

When you plan your trip, there are a few exceptional wineries you can't miss: Antietam Creek Vineyards, Blue Mountain Winery, Red Heifer Winery, Knob Hall Winery and Big Cork Vineyards. They all offer a tasting room experience, and each winery produces its own signature varietals.

The spine of South Mountain, visible from most of the wineries around Hagerstown, is a spectacular point on the Atlantic Flyway, which is the pathway for migrating birds when they travel to and from warmer climates. Ornithologists, photographers, birdwatching enthusiasts and nature lovers flock here from across the nation to soak up the scenery and snap pictures of common and elusive birds. You'll love a getaway filled with song birds and wine sipping in Hagerstown.

## KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND

Start a new adventure by exploring a destination that is less than a two-



PHOTO CREDIT: ALLEGANY COUNTY TOURISM

*The first farm brewery in Allegany County, 1812 Brewery is located on 190 acres where they grow their own hops and serve brews from their tap house, a converted barn from 1812.*

hour drive from Washington D.C., Annapolis or Northern Virginia. The scenic peninsula of Kent County kisses the shorelines of the Chesapeake Bay, making it a top destination for nature enthusiasts and explorers. You can paddle, sail or watch a tranquil sunset aboard an evening cruise on the iconic Chesapeake Bay or the historic Chester or Sassafras rivers.

Land lovers may prefer cycling the calming landscapes of low, rolling farmland along the Chesapeake Country National Scenic Byway. Food connoisseurs will enjoy farm-to-table



PHOTO CREDIT: INTERSTATE BLUES FEST & WINEFEST

### Interstate Blues Fest & Winefest

cuisine or fresh catches from the bay.

You may be happiest exploring the historic architecture of the quaint waterfront towns; shopping along red-brick sidewalks; perusing the local farmers and artisans markets; savoring wines from area vineyards; sampling concoctions at the resident distillery; or ▶



PHOTO CREDIT: STEPHANIE SOMERS



hiking a trail at Eastern Neck National Wildlife Refuge.

Whatever your adventure, there is much to do and see around this charming destination while being socially distant. Local accommodations are safeguarding guests' health, from the local quaint B&Bs to charming cottages. Campgrounds are open, too, for self-contained campers. Go to [kentcounty.com](http://kentcounty.com) to start planning your fall getaway to Kent County today.

### LUZERNE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

The best of autumn comes alive in and around Luzerne County, nestled in the picturesque foothills of the Pocono Mountains. Visit apple orchards, pumpkin patches and family-friendly farms and markets. The vibrant colors of the area's breathtaking fall foliage are a must-see, and there are many ways to experience them. Hike or bike through miles of trails or jump in the car and follow the Fall Foliage Driving Trail through mountains and valleys. You'll take in incredible views and enjoy



PHOTO CREDIT: VISIT LUZERNE COUNTY

**Waterfall at Ricketts Glen State Park.**

scenic and tasty stops along the way.

With dozens of parks and even more trails, there are plenty of outdoor options for easy social distancing. Sleep under the stars at a campground, wake up refreshed in a cozy bed and breakfast or enjoy the amenities of a comfortable hotel. Everything you

need to make the most of the season is just a short drive away in Northeast Pennsylvania! Plan your visit at [FuninLC.com](http://FuninLC.com) or call 1-888-905-2872 to request a free guide.

### SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Fresh mountain air and colorful fall foliage await in Shenandoah County, ►



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PHOTO CREDIT: SHENANDOAH COUNTY TOURISM



### Shenandoah Caverns

just 90 minutes outside of Washington, D.C. Pleasant temperatures and picturesque landscapes make autumn one of the nicest times to visit.

Novice and expert hikers alike have plenty of options among the dozens of trails that cover 178 miles through the George Washington National Forest. Find solitude hiking Three Top Mountain, take a selfie atop the “big castle” at the

end of Big Schloss or enjoy the view at Massanutten Storybook Trail Overlook via its handicap-accessible trail. There are also interpretive trails throughout the George Washington National Forest that offer hands-on learning experiences for those hoping to take the classroom outside this fall. Just five minutes from historic Woodstock is Seven Bends State Park, Virginia’s newest state park to open to the public, boasting eight pleasant hiking trails.

Visitors will also have plenty of opportunities to relax and take a break at the many local businesses going above and beyond to keep their customers safe during these times. Explore Shenandoah Caverns; visit the Virginia Museum of the Civil War; stock up on fresh produce and other locally sourced goods at Jon Henry General Store; admire the Staufferstadt Arts Murals while strolling through Historic Downtown Strasburg; and get a taste of the valley at more than 40 breweries, vineyards, distilleries and cideries along the Shenandoah Spirits Trail.

Winter season at Bryce Resort is full of family-friendly, outdoor activities. Speed down an 800-foot snow tubing lane, glide around an all-new ice-skating rink or hit any of the eight lift-accessed slopes for skiing and snowboarding.

### HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

If you’re in need of a change of scenery, take in a different view with a trip to Huntington, West Virginia. ►

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This quaint area on the Ohio River is known for Appalachian craftsmanship, Southern hospitality and unique flavors from a nice mix of local dining options.

Heritage Farm Museum & Village features family-friendly exhibits and folk crafts that celebrate Appalachia's cultural heritage and give visitors a glimpse into early pioneer life. Don't miss the museum's new Nature Center, which features a "living classroom" experience. It teaches visitors about Appalachia's local wildlife and habitats while they're surrounded by live animals that are native to the area.

Families will also enjoy Camden Park's Annual Halloween Spooktacular, which runs every Friday and Saturday until October 31. There are more than 20 rides and attractions, including the Haunted House, Coulrophobia Maze, Haunted Hospital Walk Thru and Haunted Train Ride.

Step into nature at Beech Fork State Park, a local favorite. Hikers of all skill levels can select from a variety of trails that meander through the picturesque



PHOTO CREDIT: BEN AMEND

woods—made even more beautiful by the autumn leaves changing colors. Fully equipped cabins overlook Beech Fork Lake, and there are multiple campsite options for those who want a more rustic experience.

If you're looking for a romantic getaway in the woods, head to the cozy cabins at Rustic Ravines. This charming getaway spot boasts nine unique accommodations, with options

*Nestled in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains sits Rustic Ravines, equipped with private cabins and yurts, ATV rentals, kayaking, canoeing, fishing and 300 acres to hike. Rustic Ravines is located in Genoa, West Virginia, 27 miles south of Huntington and the Ohio River.*

like yurt-style cabins and handcrafted log homes, all nestled in the peaceful Allegheny Mountains. ▶

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Stephanie Somers

**L**et's face it, water is nature's mirror for the sun; it's a match made in photographic heaven. Fall is the perfect time to make your escape to Kent County, MD. With Kent County's 209 miles of shoreline, there are many locations where you can reflect and recharge. Meander along the banks and creeks which frame their rippled surface with reeds brimming with an autumn glow on a family paddle with Sultana Education Foundation; or sail the Chester River with family or close friends for an offshore adventure while enjoying delectable treats to stimulate the palate of any food connoisseur. Intimate sailing adventures are a trademark in Kent County for those who are looking to remain socially-distant but break the monotony of quarantine life.

For more information on all that Kent County can offer you visit [kentcounty.com/visitors](http://kentcounty.com/visitors)  
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## EVENTS

## ALLEGANY COUNTY, MD

## MOUNTAIN MARYLAND TAP AND POUR TOUR

[mdmountainside.com/blog/mountain-maryland-tap-and-pour-tour](http://mdmountainside.com/blog/mountain-maryland-tap-and-pour-tour)  
Allegany County, MD

## HAGERSTOWN, MD

THE WORLD OF JAN BRETT  
Ongoing exhibition through  
January 10, 2021

Washington County Museum of Fine Arts  
401 Museum Drive, Hagerstown, MD

INTERSTATE BLUES FEST & WINEFEST  
November 6, 4-10pm

## November 7, 11am-6pm

Washington County Agricultural  
Education Center  
7313 Sharpsburg Pike, Boonsboro, MD

## KENT COUNTY, MD

## GALENA LIONS CLUB CAR SHOW

## November 1 (Rain date: November 8)

Massey Aerodrome  
33541 Maryland Line Road, Massey, MD

## LUZERNE COUNTY, PA

## APPLE PICKING

## Weekends during autumn

Brace's Orchard  
444 Brace Rd, Dallas, PA

## FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

## November 20 - December 31

Stone Hedge Golf Course  
55 Stonehedge Drive, Tunkhannock, PA

## SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA

## AMERICAN FRIGHT NIGHT

## Friday and Saturdays from October 16-31

397 Caverns Road, Quicksburg, VA

## YAPPY HOUR

## 1st Friday of each month

Swover Creek Farm Brewery  
4176 Swover Creek Road, Edinburg, VA

## HUNTINGTON, WV

## ANNUAL HALLOWEEN SPOOKTACULAR

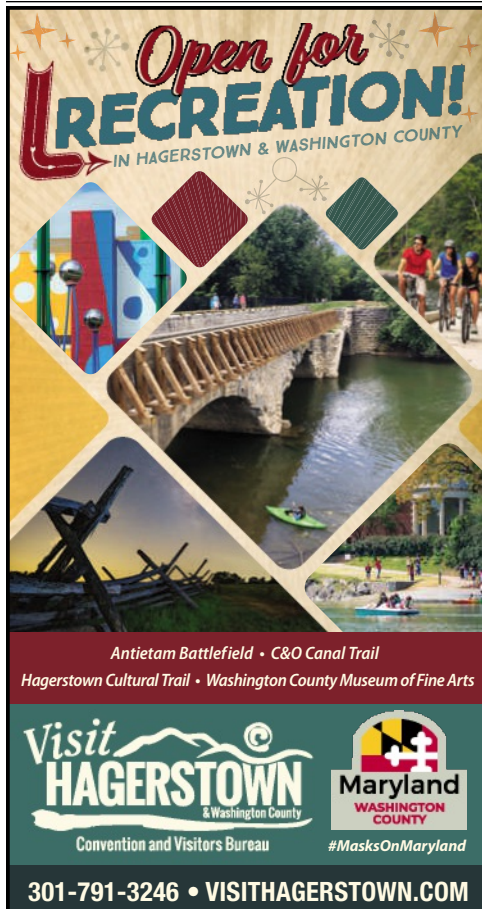
Every Friday and Saturday until  
October 31

Camden Park  
5000 Waverly Rd, Huntington, WV

## HALLOWEEN DRIVE-THRU FANTASY MAZE

## October 31 and November 1 from 2-6pm

Ritter Park  
1310 8th Avenue, Huntington, WV



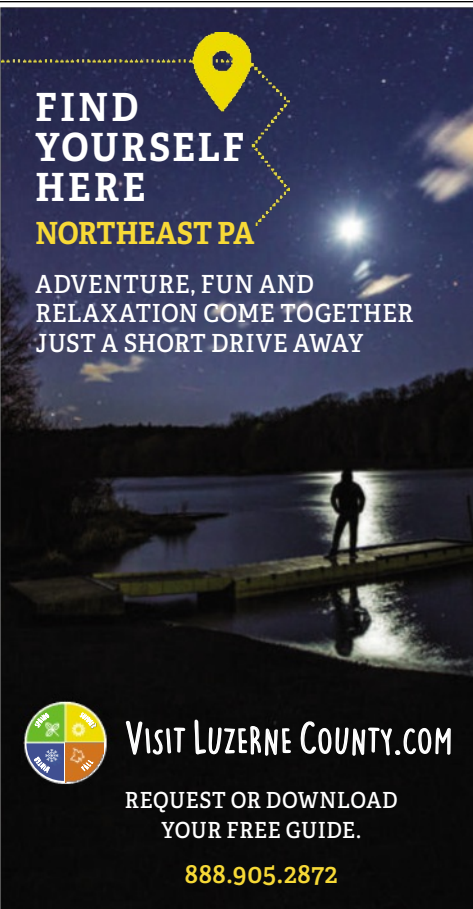
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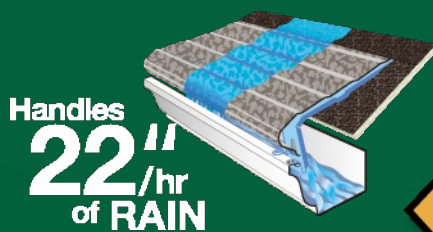


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# Arrivals

Should our memories of travel experiences be worth more than the experiences themselves?

STORY BY JASON WILSON

ILLUSTRATION BY SPIROS HALARIS

**I**n the Before Times, I often composed my travel writing in the present tense. You know how the trick goes, the way the travel writer strains to swiftly bring the reader into a scene: *It's a balmy night in Panama City, and I'm sipping a rum at the bar of the largely empty Ocean Sun Casino. ... I'm lounging on the sunny bow of the expatriate's boat as we shove off from the historic city of Granada, Nicaragua, and into one of the world's largest freshwater lakes. ...* The sleight of hand is to make it seem as though we're jotting off these dispatches on hotel room stationery or poolside or from a tray table in business class. As the days of shutdown drag on — as we Americans are forbidden from traveling to most nations in the world — this approach begins to feel as old-fashioned as an epistolary Victorian novel.

What, exactly, is a travel writer who cannot travel? I've thought a lot about this over the past few months. These particular pages in the magazine you are reading were supposed to have published an article about my summer trip to Spain. That was canceled when the European Union announced its travel ban, and I've now been grounded at home for more than half a year — the longest I have gone without getting on a plane in at least three decades. Of course, just stating this exposes the travel writer's existential dilemma as one of immense, laughable privilege. Yet here we are. Do not cry for me.



Santa Maria Assunta cathedral in Cremona, Italy, in June 2020. The author went to school in Cremona when he studied abroad at age 19 and formed a bond with his host family in the nearby village of Pieve San Giacomo.

Most days now, I write about travel in the past tense, generally in my old bathrobe at the kitchen table. For instance, I've recently been sifting through notes and snapshots of my last trip, to France this past winter, only a few weeks before the pandemic hit home. On the evening that Chinese authorities closed down Wuhan, I wandered the ancient streets of Chinon, in the Loire Valley. I'd spent all day with winemakers touring their 15th-century limestone caves, then tasting dozens of wines I was supposed to review on assignment for a wine magazine. I had to get up early and do it all over again in the morning, but I was restless.

Even though this was hardly the first winter I'd spent in some European wine region, sipping and spitting and scribbling, I'd begun to question what the point of all this travel has been. My Airbnb rental stood just down the winding cobblestone path to Chinon's 11th-century castle, about a hundred meters from where a 17-year-old Joan of Arc arrived in 1429, after hearing heavenly voices. She'd traveled to meet future king Charles VII, who would give her an army to fight the English in the Hundred Years' War; two years later, she'd be captured and burned at the stake in Rouen, then declared a martyr, then canonized. My own visit to Chinon wasn't as noble or epic as Joan's. That night, I ended up at a bar in the town square, where a local guy bet me that I couldn't identify, blind, the very bitter herbal spirit he set before me. He lost that bet, but it was still more like the rake's progress than the hero's journey.

If there are certain moments when I question the value of travel writing, I also know that it's important for the traveler to eventually return to where he or she came from, to write and try to capture the experience of being an outsider in an unfamiliar place. Yes, much of travel writing is soulless and transactional, listicles and charticles and "if you go" tips. Yet at its most ideal, the worth of the genre lies in exploring the tensions of our interior journey vs. our exterior itinerary, in examining our expectations (and hopes and biases) of a destination vs. the reality of what we found, and by measuring the person we are at home against the person we become abroad. As I sit working at my kitchen table, I realize I've come a long way from the young man who, 30 years before, had been given the shaggy old bathrobe that I now had cinched around my middle-aged waist. That person could scarcely have dreamed a future of almost ceaseless travel.

That 19-year-old arrived in the northern Italian village of Pieve San Giacomo, at the home of his summer program hosts, wearing Birkenstocks and a University of Vermont Bong Team T-shirt. That summer I lived with a family — Anna and Paolo, and their daughter, Daniela — in an aging, rustic but warm and tidy farmhouse with a stone fountain in the garden, and with dark antique furniture and yapping dogs inside. The chickens in the coop outside my window woke me early in the morning, and I took the train to school in nearby Cremona. In the afternoons, I played soccer with the local boys or rode my bike through the village, and every night I ate homemade salami, hand-stuffed pastas, meat from their animals, vegetables from the garden, and drank funky, unlabeled wine. I learned some of the local dialect. By summer's end, I had become an adopted part of *la famiglia*.

A vivid meal took place on the Saturday afternoon before I left Pieve San Giacomo. Paolo was working in his fields, and Daniela was in Milan, so Anna and I rode bikes to visit the family's recently









Granada, Nicaragua, as seen from a church. Early in his career, the author spent a lot of time in the Central American country that had been beset by civil war, natural disasters and political strife.

widowed Aunt Gina, who, as a surprise, had prepared a tremendous feast in my honor, with tables teeming with food in the sunny courtyard. At the end of the hours-long meal, when I could eat no more, Aunt Gina insisted that we tour her house. The three of us entered the cool, dark living room. Aunt Gina fidgeted with a yellowed photograph of a young man in a soldier's uniform and told me it was her husband. There were no other photos of sons or daughters, only a crucifix and an image of Jesus Christ hanging over the sofa.

Aunt Gina motioned for me to stay where I was and shuffled down a long hallway. Anna whispered and crossed herself. We waited for what seemed like 20 minutes and could hear the older woman rummaging through the bedroom, calling "Un momento, un momento!" Finally, she emerged from the hallway cradling her dead husband's bathrobe. She thrust it into my hands and urged me to slide it on over my clothes. I hesitated and looked wide-eyed at Anna, who also urged me to try it on, so I wrapped it around my Grateful Dead T-shirt. Silence enveloped the room. I stood with my arms wide, modeling the robe that presumably her husband had worn most mornings while he sipped his caffè corretto. I stood dumbfounded, staring at the sleeves of the heavy floral-patterned robe — cut too big, less than absorbent, pocket sitting too high for a hand to rest in.

"Molto bello! Elegante!" Aunt Gina exclaimed. She then burst into tears and hugged Anna, whose eyes also welled up. What the heck was I going to do with this? Could this whole presentation possibly have been all just for me? The one preparing to shove off in a few days with a rail pass and a hostel itinerary? "You'll promise to wear it?" asked Aunt Gina. I knew I had no choice but to smash down what I could in my already stuffed backpack and leave some of my belongings behind. Even as a stupid young American, I knew you didn't refuse gifts from Italian widows who'd just prepared you an afternoon banquet.

That robe was the first of many articles of clothing I've acquired in my travels and carried with me all these years. There are, of course, plenty of souvenir items that I rarely wear. I never find quite the right occasion to show off the brightly colored poncho I found in Peru or the high-collared Sami jacket I got near the Arctic Circle in Finland. The expensive red pants I bought at a boutique in Milan and the Alpine trachten vest I got in Vienna seemed like good ideas at the time. The handmade Mallorcan shoes sadly don't fit very well. While I still appreciate the idealism of it, I rarely wear the Portuguese anti-bullfighting T-shirt I received from the two young activists whom I met at a vegetarian restaurant in Lisbon a decade ago. But there are a few cherished items that convey some larger, more essential part of my life as a traveler.

For instance, I own a hand-sewn guayabera, gray with four pockets and two ribbons of intricately stitched designs, that I bought for a few dollars from a woman named Mirna at a craft market in Masaya, Nicaragua, only a few years after my summer abroad in Italy. During my 20s, I spent a lot of time in Nicaragua, which was emerging from more than a decade of civil war, natural disaster and our own government's role in trying to oust the Sandinistas from power. I haven't returned for a dozen years, but every summer when I bring that guayabera out of the closet, the lessons of those journeys come back to me.

Driving on my way to Masaya, to visit the craft market as well as to hike the nearby volcano, I was suddenly stopped and waved over by two police officers standing on the side of the road with automatic rifles. The officers wore buttons with Nicaragua's then-official slogan *brazos abiertos* ("open arms") and were smiling but still demanded to see my passport. I handed it over, and they studied it silently. They said they'd have to keep it. I would have to go to the police station the next day and pay a fine to get my passport back. "What can we do here and now?" I said, flashing my wallet. "Can I pay the ticket in cash right now?" They asked for 60 American dollars, which I handed to them and then drove on to Masaya.

I spent a couple of hours at the volcano and then the market — I was so happy with my new guayabera that I took off my T-shirt and put it on right in the market. Then I drove back to Managua, the capital, the same way I came. Near where I'd been pulled over, there stood an open-air bar with a thatched roof. In the shade, I could see both of the policemen I'd paid, hats off and guns leaning against the bar, lounging and drinking beers. I couldn't help but laugh out loud. I honked my horn and they waved, raising their beer in toast, still smiling.

Back then I was like many travelers of my post-Cold War generation who lit out for Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia and Central America, enthralled by destinations that had been off-limits to most Americans for a long time. I had never been anywhere like Nicaragua, and in my sheltered suburban naivete I marveled at how chaotic and alive it was: how in Managua I could exchange my dollars to córdobas on the side of the road from random men waving money, while hawkers tried to sell me live parrots, monkeys and armadillos through the car window, and people gave directions such as "turn left at the big statue of the man holding the machine gun and sickle." The reminders of the Sandinista regime were everywhere: Lada taxis, Aeroflot billboards, giant murals, the former soldier camped out in the Plaza de la Revolución guarding the "eternal flame" (which by then was a plastic light) across the square from a cathedral that had been destroyed in the 1972 earthquake. I once stood there with a crowd of 20,000 to watch a huge twilight outdoor mass that had been called in the name of solidarity, holding a candle and a tiny flag I'd been given by a group of schoolchildren.

Everything in Nicaragua felt so dynamic and immediate, and completely the opposite of the life I lived at home. I would return from my trips with hundreds of pages of callow journal entries in Moleskine notebooks. Soon enough I began to persuade magazines to send me back on assignment. Since travel editors can never resist the allure of *The Next Hot Place*, pitching always felt ridiculously simple. In those days, the notion that Nicaragua was opening up to vacationing tourists after two decades of strife was irresistible. In buzzy travel-publishing shorthand, Nicaragua was "The New Costa Rica."

In 1996, I was assigned a number of sunny features on the country for mainstream magazines — the kind of articles that would appear between ads for luxury hotels, cruises and expensive watches. On one occasion I arrived for a breezy assignment with a friend on the day before a heated presidential election, what would be only the second peaceful transition of power in the country's modern history. All bars and restaurants were closed for three days, as votes for former Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega and right-wing Arnoldo Aleman were counted. One night, as we returned late to our hotel, everything was dark and locked. We banged on the window and were let inside by a shirtless man holding a machete who claimed to be the night manager. It was not exactly the type of vacation the gentle readers of this travel magazine were likely imagining.

On another evening, while staying at a rustic resort at a mountain coffee plantation in a cloud forest full of howler monkeys, my travel companion and I decided to drive down into the city of Matagalpa to









The Christiania area of Copenhagen, Denmark, in May 2020. Once an abandoned military fortress, the 80-acre section of downtown Copenhagen is now home to squatters who started their own community in 1971.

find a restaurant we'd seen in our guidebook. When we arrived in Matagalpa, that restaurant was shuttered, along with three others we tried. Meanwhile, hundreds of people were streaming into the streets. Some were shouting and carrying signs. Teens spray-painted storefronts. Pickup trucks crowded with angry-looking men, some carrying baseball bats, circled the center of town. We drove the wrong way down a one-way street, causing the crowd to shout at us. We stopped and tried to read our guidebook by the dashboard light just as a police truck made a sweep of the central square. With guns drawn, they asked us to roll down the window and were flabbergasted to see just two gringo tourists looking for a restaurant. "Matagalpa is closed, jefe," they said. The police truck escorted us directly back to the mountain road. I cringe now at how clueless I was to the larger, complex implications of my own cultural voyeurism.

When I returned home to write my assigned pieces, it was nearly impossible to convey the truth of my experience. A consumer travel magazine had to run a long sidebar titled "On Caution's Side" advising readers: "Walking around Managua at night is a bad idea. ... During

the day Nicaragua's roads are terrible; at dusk and at night, they're treacherous." A men's magazine insensitively teased my article on its cover as "Guerrilla Vacation in Nicaragua."

I would return to Nicaragua for more assignments, including one about Americans buying up cheap properties for vacation and retirement homes. An American real estate agent took me by boat through an archipelago in Lake Nicaragua called simply Las Isletas, a collection of over 350 islets formed from eruptions of the purple-coned volcano Mombacho. The water was placid, and gorgeous palms, mango trees and giant water lilies surrounded us. A whole Indigenous community lived in the tiny coves and channels of Las Isletas: men throwing fishing nets off rocks, women doing laundry, children paddling to school in their canoes. But brand-new homes had sprung up on a number of the islets, as well as the huge "For Sale" signs posted next to the Indigenous families' shacks on others. A growing number of wealthy North Americans were snatching up Las Isletas. The real estate agent told me he'd sold a half-dozen, and there were four islands available to buy that afternoon.

"We're running out of places to go," he told me. "There are very few undiscovered places left in the world." To the younger me, this statement felt like a moment of deep truth, and I included the real estate agent's quote in the article that I eventually wrote, which the magazine teased as "Nicaragua's New Wave," touting the country as "the next new thing under the sun" and explaining, "Americans, it seems, are buying up the place."

*(Continued on Page 29)*



# 2020 WASHINGTON, D.C. FIVE STAR AWARD WINNERS



These days, it takes a village to manage your financial world. Whether it is managing your assets with a wealth manager, navigating the ever-changing tax landscape, sorting out your estate and succession planning or picking the right life insurance, finding the right team can be a daunting task. In fact, many consumers have a hard time figuring out where to even begin.

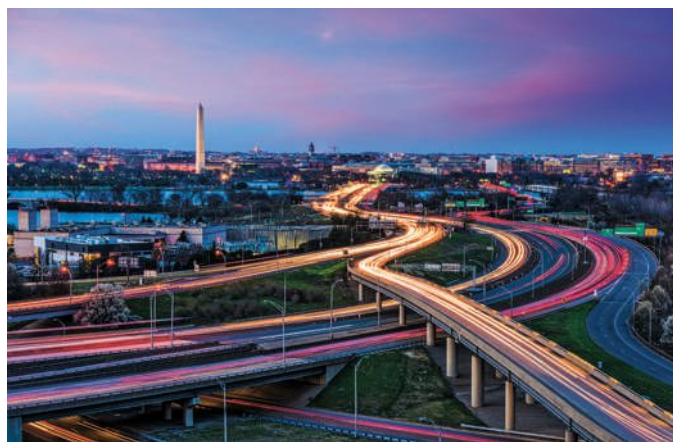
Sometimes, a few simple questions can put you on the right path. Asking professionals what makes working with them a unique experience can help you understand how they work and if their style meshes with your own.

This is a great place to start! Five Star Professional uses its own proprietary research methodology to name outstanding professionals, then works with publications such as The Washington Post Magazine to spread the word about award winners. Each award candidate undergoes a thorough research process (detailed here) before being considered for the final list of award winners. For the complete list of winners, go to [www.fivestarpromotional.com](http://www.fivestarpromotional.com).

## RESEARCH DISCLOSURES

In order to consider a broad population of high-quality wealth managers, award candidates are identified by one of three sources: firm nomination, peer nomination or prequalification based on industry standing. Self-nominations are not accepted. Washington, D.C.-area award candidates were identified using internal and external research data. Candidates do not pay a fee to be considered or placed on the final lists of Five Star Wealth Managers.

- The Five Star award is not indicative of a professional's future performance.
- Wealth managers may or may not use discretion in their practice and therefore may not manage their clients' assets.
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- 2,535 award candidates in the Washington, D.C. area were considered for the Five Star Wealth Manager award. 115 (approximately 5% of the award candidates) were named 2020 Five Star Wealth Managers.



## FIVE STAR WEALTH MANAGER CRITERIA DETERMINATION OF AWARD WINNERS

Award candidates who satisfied 10 objective eligibility and evaluation criteria were named 2020 Five Star Wealth Managers. **Eligibility Criteria – Required:** 1. Credentialed as a registered investment adviser or a registered investment adviser representative. 2. Actively employed as a credentialed professional in the financial services industry for a minimum of five years. 3. Favorable regulatory and complaint history review. 4. Fulfilled their firm review based on internal firm standards. 5. Accepting new clients. **Evaluation Criteria – Considered:** 6. One-year client retention rate. 7. Five-year client retention rate. 8. Non-institutional discretionary and/or non-discretionary client assets administered. 9. Number of client households served. 10. Education and professional designations.

**Regulatory Review:** As defined by Five Star Professional, the wealth manager has not: been subject to a regulatory action that resulted in a license being suspended or revoked, or payment of a fine; individually contributed to a financial settlement of a customer complaint; been convicted of a felony. Within the past 11 years the wealth manager has not: been terminated from a wealth management or financial services firm; filed for personal bankruptcy; had more than a total of three settled or pending complaints filed against them (and no more than five total pending, dismissed or denied) with any regulatory authority.

Five Star Professional conducts a regulatory review of each nominated wealth manager using the Investment Adviser Public Disclosure (IAPD) website. Five Star Professional also uses multiple supporting processes to help ensure that a favorable regulatory and complaint history exists. Data submitted through these processes was applied per the above criteria; each wealth manager who passes the Five Star Professional regulatory review must attest that they meet the definition of favorable regulatory history based upon the criteria listed above. Five Star Professional promotes via local advertising the opportunity for consumers to confidentially submit complaints regarding a wealth manager.

All award winners are listed in this publication.

### Financial Planning

Jim Adkins · Strategic Financial Associates  
Brian Mercer Bailey · Maple Tree Financial  
Vivien Balcker · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Craig Jonathan Beden · Beden Wealth Management  
Michelle L. Bender · Potomac Financial Consultants Page 4  
Marguerita Maria Cheng · Blue Ocean Global Wealth  
Theodore Scott Davis · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Millicent Patryce Eubanks · Morgan Stanley

John Edward Girouard · Capital Investment Advisors  
Nitin Gupta · Morgan Stanley  
Janet Hroncich · Morgan Stanley Page 3  
David B. Hurwitz · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Kurt L. Langenwalter · First Command Financial Services  
Kim Chi Luu-Tu · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Steven Thomas Marshall · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Kim L. Mason · Morgan Stanley Page 4  
Tom Palazzo · Morgan Stanley Page 3

Leila Mathur Peck · Morgan Stanley  
Judy L. Redpath · VISTA Wealth Strategies LLC  
Christine A. Smith · Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Ingrid Herrold Streich · Morgan Stanley  
Beth Venit · Burt Wealth Advisors Page 2  
Walter L. Ziffer · KRPG Advisors, LLC Page 3

### Investments

Roger Achtermann · Morgan Stanley  
John M. Benjamin · Seventy2 Capital Wealth Management  
John Nasir Choudhary · CAM Private Wealth  
Riley Charles Clark · Wells Fargo Advisors

Maria Cornelius · Burt Wealth Advisors Page 2

George Seward Fleeson · Tysons Wealth Advisors  
Todd Growney · Burt Wealth Advisors Page 2  
Carlos Maximilian Molina · Morgan Stanley  
Jennifer Elise Myers · SageVest Wealth Management  
Peter J. Tanous · Lynx Investment Advisory  
David Trosko · Morgan Stanley  
Robert Charles Virden · MassMutual Greater Washington  
Freddie Watson · Lincoln Investment  
Mark H. Woodward · Kana Private Wealth Group



## Burt Wealth Advisors

### Beth Venit



CFP®, Vice President, Wealth Advisor  
bvenit@burtwealth.com

### Maria Cornelius



CFP®, Executive Vice President, Wealth Advisor  
mcornelius@burtwealth.com

### Todd Growney



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• "Top 12 Best Financial Advisors in Washington, D.C., Maryland and Virginia" by AdvisoryHQ News Corp., 2017, 2018 and 2019



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Wealth Manager Award Winner

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Left to right: David Edwards, CFP®, ChFC®, Financial Advisor; 2017, 2019 and 2020 winner Janet Hroncich, CFP®, ChFC®, RICP®, First Vice President, Family Wealth Advisor, Insurance Planning Director, Alternative Investments Director, Financial Advisor; 2019 and 2020 winner Thomas Palazzo, CFP®, CRPC®, Alternative Investments Director, Financial Advisor; Gerald Pardo, Registered Client Service Associate

## Morgan Stanley

1650 Tysons Boulevard, Suite 1000 • McLean, VA 22102  
Janet: 703-394-1999 • Thomas: 703-394-1996 • Dave: 703-394-1998  
advisor.morganstanley.com/odyssey-planning-group

Wealth Manager Award Winner

## The Odyssey Planning Group at Morgan Stanley

**"A Goal Without a Plan Is Just a Wish"**  
— Antoine De Saint-Exupéry

- Janet Hroncich, CFP®, ChFC®, RICP®: 2020 winner
- Tom Palazzo, CFP®, CRPC®: 2020 winner
- Dave Edwards, CFP®, CRPC®

The Odyssey Planning Group at Morgan Stanley was created to provide comprehensive financial advice to affluent clients and their families over the "odyssey" or long eventful journey we hope to share together. As CFP® professionals, Janet, Tom and Dave are committed to always putting their clients' interests first, and creating and implementing plans based on their goals and dreams. They have many multigenerational family financial planning relationships.

Congratulations to the Five Star Wealth Manager award winners Janet Hroncich and Tom Palazzo!

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**7**  
YEAR  
WINNER

Seven-year winner Walter L. Ziffer,  
Founder, President, Wealth Advisor

## Walter L. Ziffer

Founder, President, Wealth Advisor

### Achieving, Growing and Protecting Your Wealth

- Trusted advisors to more than \$650 million in client assets
- 2012, 2015 – 2020 Five Star Wealth Manager

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Phone: 301-948-4411 • walt@k-rpg.com • www.k-rpg.com

Walt Ziffer offers ERISA 3(21) and 3(38) plan business services and financial planning through KRPG Advisors, LLC, a registered investment advisor. Securities and advisory services (Third Party Money Manager Platforms) are offered through H. Beck, Inc., member FINRA/SIPC. H. Beck, Inc. is not affiliated with (k)RPG, LLC or KRPG Advisors, LLC.

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## Michelle L. Bender

President, Senior Advisor, CFP®



2  
YEAR  
WINNER

### Potomac Financial Consultants, LLC

20251 Century Boulevard, Suite 350  
Germantown, MD 20874  
Phone: 301-948-3900  
michelle@pf-consultants.com  
www.pf-consultants.com

**Confidence to Live Boldly and Retire on Your Terms**

Michelle Bender has a gift for connecting with people, and it's certainly a gift that sets her apart as a financial advisor. While she loves all of the details in financial planning, her greatest joy is serving as a guide for some of the most important decisions in people's lives.

Michelle takes the time to meet with clients face-to-face and hear firsthand what they envision for their future. For her, it's about building confidence and taking a compassionate approach, and there is perhaps no one better equipped for this role than Michelle.

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Wealth Manager Award Winner

## Kim L. Mason

CFP®, CPM®, Portfolio Management Director, Financial Advisor



6  
YEAR  
WINNER

### Morgan Stanley

1650 Tysons Boulevard, Suite 1000  
McLean, VA 22102  
Office: 703-556-8174  
kim.l.mason@morganstanley.com  
www.morganstanleyfa.com/bmpgroup  
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**The BMP Group at Morgan Stanley  
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Kim is a senior vice president and portfolio management director who co-founded the BMP Group at Morgan Stanley in 2019 by merging her team, the DelMarVa Cornerstone Group, with the Baker-Parekh Team. She has more than 37 years of experience helping clients achieve their financial goals. Kim holds a BFA from the International University – Europe, Bushey-Watford in Great Britain, as well as both the CFP® certification and CPM® designation.

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Wealth Manager Award Winner

Continued from FS-1

Joni R. Alt - Hopwood Financial Services  
Mark Avallone - H. Beck, Inc.  
Michael Sean Beriss - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Gordon J. Bernhardt - Bernhardt Wealth Management  
George Driver Bragaw - Raymond James & Associates  
Alex Edward Bryer - Snowden Lane Partners  
Karen Lynn Buckley - MML Investors Services  
Paul Henry Carlson - Seventy2 Capital Wealth Management  
Russell Anthony Cesari - Northwest Financial Advisors  
James T. Christy - Northwest Financial Advisors  
John Franklin Clardy - Folger Nolan Fleming Douglas  
Matt Cohen - West Financial Services  
Kimberly A. Cox - West Financial Services

Benjamin Paul Devine - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Edward Robert Dudlik - Oppenheimer & Co.  
Joachim Wolfgang Exner - Integrated Wealth Concepts  
Matthew T. Felber - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Michael Jay Freiman - Morgan Stanley  
Brett Adam Friedman - Peak Investment Advisors  
Matthew E. Gaffey - Corbett Road Wealth Management  
Joel Stephen Gemmell - McLean Asset Management  
Douglas Michael Gerace - Wells Fargo Advisors  
Eric Goodson - Morgan Stanley  
Scott J. Greenberg - Equitable Advisors  
Rebecca B. Hall - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC

Joseph Gordon Hemsley - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Christopher Allin Herring - MML Investors Services  
L. Michael Heuple - Morgan Stanley  
Jeffrey David Hilwig - Wells Fargo Advisors  
Carl Leonard Holubowich - Armstrong Fleming & Moore  
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Christopher Michael McGrath - Morgan Stanley  
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Eileen Murphy O'Connor - Hemington Wealth Management  
Shawn Bransby O'Reilly - RBC Capital Markets  
John David Orem - Potomac Wealth Advisors  
Christopher Vuthi Pramawat - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Eric Freeman Randolph - Hopwood Financial Services  
Steven E. Richardson - Potomac Financial Private Client Group  
Brian Elwood Robinson - Ameriprise Financial Services, LLC  
Patrick Daniel Roth - Fiduciary Wealth Management  
Shajhan Sabir - Wells Fargo Advisors  
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Peter R. Sharpe - Lincoln Financial Advisors  
Nancy Ann Stickel - Wells Fargo Advisors  
Allison Marie Taylor - Oppenheimer & Co.  
Christopher T. Thomas - Macroview Investment Management  
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Brock William Van Selow - UBS  
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(Continued from Page 24)

When I wear that guayabera now, I can barely recognize the fearless, insufferable thrill-seeker I had been. But part of the education of travel lies in seeing things with fresh and ignorant eyes — and in being wrong. Which is why it's important to check in with that younger traveler from time to time, to retrace the journeys that remain vivid in our minds, to ask new questions of where we've gone before.

Perhaps no other piece of clothing encapsulates my youthful travel more than a well-worn red hoodie, bearing three yellow dots and the words “Bevar Christiania” — Save Christiania. Christiania is the hippie-tastic 80-acre section of downtown Copenhagen that once was an abandoned military fortress and now is home to free-loving squatters who started their own community in 1971 — houses, schools, businesses, sanitation and postal services, newspaper and radio — opposed to the whole idea of government and police. By the late 1980s, the Danish government recognized Christiania as a “social experiment,” and it has several hundred residents. As you leave the area, a sign reads: “You are now entering the EU.” But what Christiania is most famous for is Pusher Street — one of the city's biggest tourist attractions — where market stalls openly sell cannabis. Fat pre-rolled joints are for sale next to big blocks of hash displayed like baked goods.

Occasionally a right-leaning government threatens to shut down the area, but the citizens of Copenhagen always rally to keep Christiania alive. It was during one of these periods of Pusher Street crackdowns, on a cool summer night about 20 years ago, that I first visited, attending a music festival/political demonstration with hundreds of others, waving Christiania's flag (three yellow dots on a red background) and dancing to electronic music and a few Danish rappers. Our group that night included a bassist for a death metal band, a bossa nova singer, a former circus performer and my old artist friend Trine, from whom I borrowed the red hoodie that I never gave back.

Oddly, when I wear the sweatshirt now it signifies for me less about Denmark specifically and more about a wandering, aimless period of my life — one that, as I now reflect, holds way more significance than I could have ever imagined. In my late 20s and early 30s, I spent what some might consider to be an eccentric amount of time in Iceland, living there for periods and traveling the island extensively. I would like to tell you that I had a grand purpose. But no, when I wasn't driving around on gravel roads of the most gorgeous, haunting landscapes in the world, I was vaguely writing a travel book about Iceland. That meant most of my time was spent hanging out in the bars and cafes of Reykjavík.

One of those visits, in late summer, was when I'd met Trine. She was living with a Finnish woman named Eeva-Liisa in a little apartment near the bus station. Trine was shooting photos and waiting to hear if she'd finally be accepted into the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts. Eeva-Liisa was an artist, cleaning rooms in a guesthouse, and her ex-boyfriend was a journalist from Helsinki whom I'd met backpacking in Nicaragua. So, basically all of us were connected in that beautifully random and serendipitous way that seemed to define Gen X travel life in the late 20th century, before social media changed everything.

As the summer came to an end, Eeva-Liisa, Trine and I decided we should leave Reykjavík and see the country. We rented a car and drove the countryside, with the intention of observing the annual sheep roundup, a tradition called the rettir. In Iceland, there are half a million sheep — nearly twice as many sheep as Icelanders — who roam freely throughout the summer, grazing. Rettir is a festive time,

Souvenirs from the author's trips, from top: a robe from Italy, a Save Christiania hoodie from Copenhagen and a guayabera from Nicaragua.





The northern lights in Iceland. In his 20s and 30s, the author lived in Iceland for periods and traveled the island extensively.

full of songs and drinking, as whole farming communities gather to drive one another's sheep to a common pen. It's amazing to watch thousands of sheep driven across the vast empty spaces by people on Icelandic ponies. At one point we tried to photograph sheep running toward us, but we spooked them so badly that the whole flock veered left and started running in the wrong direction. Angry Icelanders on horseback shouted at us as they tried in vain to get the sheep going back toward their farm.

Soon after, I stopped the car at a field full of wildflowers, underneath a glacier, with the blue sea stretching out from the cliff below us toward the Arctic Circle. Trine got down on her hands and knees and rummaged through the grass, consulting a book titled "Nordens Svampe" ("Nordic Mushrooms"). Less than 10 minutes later, our car became stuck in several feet of mud. Eeva-Liisa pulled on long rubber boots, and the two of us tried to push our way out while Trine simply laughed and shot photos. An old Icelandic couple eventually came by in a four-wheel-drive and pulled the stupid foreigners out with a rope.

Later that evening, we arrived in the northern city of Akureyri to meet up with Janus, a guy from Greenland that Eeva-Liisa loved but who did not love her back. After dark, we watched the northern lights in the clear sky above the fjord. Janus bragged that he saw the aurora borealis "five or six times a week" at home. He told us that if you whistled, the northern lights would move. I was amazed when he whistled and the yellow streaks shimmered green and wiggled toward us.

Trine and I wanted photos of the northern lights, and so we all drove up to a hill above the town. She set up her camera on a tripod and pointed it at the sky as the car radio played Icelandic pop music. The shot needed a long exposure. Trine left the shutter open, and we stood there waiting, as if we had all the time in the world. We knew we didn't, of course. We knew in the awkward silence of that night that our driftless days would soon come to an end.

It was Eeva-Liisa who eventually sighed and suggested that, just like all the sheep we'd observed at the rettir, we'd soon enough be rounded up, sorted and sent back to our homes. It seemed too bleak of a thought at the time. Home as our own personal stockade. All three of us would surely face shearings of one kind or another in our immediate future. Trine would return to Copenhagen and be rejected by the Danish art academy. Eeva-Liisa would return to Helsinki, struggle as a freelance designer and return home to her family's small village in the north. And I would go back to the States and throw yet another false start of a book into the garbage heap.

"Well, we could always come back to Iceland," I said.

"Yeah," Trine said, "but it would never be the same."

As we whistled at the aurora borealis, I wondered aloud if sheep in their winter pens could dream. And if sheep could dream, did they dream of green grasses and a glorious summer with no darkness? Of blue fjords and glaciers and mushrooms? We all agreed that they must.

As I sit here now, wearing the musty old Bevar Christiania sweatshirt (its pocket hanging by a thread), typing in the present tense, all this feels like another lifetime ago. We are different people now. When I visit Trine these days, I stay with her family, and we trade stories about our children. We're much more likely to eat at one of Copenhagen's world-class "new Nordic" restaurants than to visit



Christiania. I am no longer the sort of naively adventurous person who lights out for politically unstable places with a backpack. In Italy, on my visits to Pieve San Giacomo, I now take time to stop by the gravesites of Paolo and Aunt Gina, who both died years ago.

We aren't the only ones to have changed. The places themselves have, too. So many foreign tourists visit Iceland that, in recent years, it has become a cautionary tale of the consequences of overtourism. Nicaragua has slid backward, run for the past decade by authoritarian Ortega, whose paramilitary forces have killed hundreds. Even the





Italy I first encountered is quite different than it was three decades ago, and likely will be transformed even more after its oldest generation was hit hard by the pandemic.

What travel has taught me is that the things of the world are only ever temporary — though, once in a while, the temporary can become eternal. I hope that we will be able to travel, to interact with and witness the world again in the near future. When we do, it will certainly seem strange. But when has travel not been strange? We don't need a pandemic to show us this, but the pause we're

experiencing can highlight a basic truth: We may or may not walk this way again, and even if we do, we will never be precisely the same people who experienced that journey in the first place. Travel is only ever about a moment in time and space, but it's also about how we choose to hold that moment in our memories. It is always both present and past. 

Jason Wilson has been the series editor of "The Best American Travel Writing" since 2000. You can find his work at [jasonwilson.com](http://jasonwilson.com).







# Home and Away

A lifetime of reporting from all over prepared her for everything but staying in one place

**STORY BY ANDREA SACHS**

**ILLUSTRATION BY SPIROS HALARIS**

A large shopping bag stuffed with lightly used polar gear sits on my bed at my parents' house in Massachusetts, waiting for something to happen. Return it? Sell it? I need to do something with it. Except I can't. My mother and I bought the garments for a two-week trip in Antarctica, an adventure that overlapped with the rumblings of a mysterious virus in China. Since then, we have been hunkered down in our respective homes nearly 400 miles apart. My mother is of a certain age and can't return the items without taking an unnecessary health risk. For her sake, I can't fly north.

Measured against other challenges I have encountered during my travels as a journalist — stolen luggage in St. Martin, fire-ant attack in Florida, confrontation with the religious police in Saudi Arabia — this one is piddly. But the difficulty speaks to the larger problem: I am a travel writer who has stopped traveling. Since March, I have been staying — or, more accurately, fidgeting — in one place. And I am not very good at keeping still. After college, I purposefully chose a career that allowed me to switch up my setting and cast of characters on a regular basis. One month, I might be drinking cold beers with former rebels in the Colombian jungle; weeks later, I could be chasing after the northern lights in Alaska or camping in Zimbabwe, hoping the monkeys didn't steal my shoes while I slept. For me, home is for a change of



Thimphu, the capital city of Bhutan, in 2018. On a trip a few years ago, the author met the crown prince of the isolated country during a visit to the capital.

clothes; away is for everything else. And I do mean everything: I feel more alert and alive when I step into a new environment and culture. The thrill of the unfamiliar knocks the mundaneness out of me.

The travel industry is putty in the pandemic's hands. No one knows when it will come back — or in what shape. So I sit and wait and reflect with an intensity that is more than wistfulness; it is more like self-preservation. Through travel, I have learned to adapt to novel experiences, including the one we are currently facing. My pre-covid way of living also taught me about humanity. Without travel, I am isolated; with it, I am part of the world.

As someone who travels nonstop for work — my heavily stamped passport once caught the attention of a U.S. Customs and Border Protection official at Dulles Airport — people are often curious about where I go on vacation. To be honest, without an assignment, I am a bit lost. I want to go everywhere and lack the discipline to choose a destination that I can squeeze into a reasonable time frame. My ambitions are too big for a week or two of vacation time.

Fortunately, several years ago, a more focused friend, Eric, had time off and was looking for a travel pal. He suggested Lesotho. I countered with Bhutan, and somehow I won the vacation showdown.

The diminutive Himalayan kingdom sits between the outsized nations of India and China. The Buddhist country has led a cloistered life: Its first commercial airport didn't open until the early 1980s; nearly two decades later, the king legalized cable television and Internet. Before, residents sneaked Bollywood movies into their homes via contraband satellite dishes. The government bases its social and economic policies on a Gross National Happiness Index. One of its tenets is environmental conservation. More than half of its land is protected, and about 70 percent is carpeted in forest, statistics that made my happiness indicator rise.

Bhutan casts a cautionary eye on tourism. It has peered over the border and seen the perils of an unregulated industry. "We don't want to become the next Nepal," our guide, Jigme Goenpo, told us. To stanch the flow without endangering its economy, visitors must spend at least \$200 to \$250 per day on a travel package arranged by a licensed local tour operator or international affiliate. They must also acquire a \$40 visa. Over two weeks, our guide acted like a chaperone on a very exotic school field trip, though he was much more permissive than any PTA parent.

Goenpo was a former Buddhist monk — he had a rebellious side, hence the "former" — who was devoted to Bhutanese traditions. He taught us to tie a gho, the traditional attire for men, without revealing too much leg, drink yak butter tea without gagging, and identify the cannabis plant on our treks. On our first day in Bhutan, we met the crown prince, a dashing man with raven hair, molded cheekbones and an endearing smile. Jigme Khesar Namgyel Wangchuck, who took over his father's job in 2008, was attending a festival in the capital city of Thimphu. At Goenpo's urging, we walked right up to him and said hello. He welcomed us warmly before returning to the children jumping up and down for his attention.

On our last day in the country, Eric and I were on the same flight to Bangkok as the crown prince's mother. I stopped by the queen's row and, crouching by her seat, told her how much I adored her country. (I











From left: Workers at a Bhutanese government building; protesters carry umbrellas during a march in Hong Kong in August 2019.



wasn't sucking up to royalty; I truly meant it.) Once airborne, a flight attendant handed me several volumes of Buddhist texts. "A gift from the queen," she said. I never had a chance to thank the queen, though. By the time I reached the front of the plane, she was long gone, whisked off by security.

Eric is a professional photographer, and throughout our trip we talked about collaborating on an article about Bhutan. I am not very good at keeping silent about my trips. I always want to share my experiences, hoping that my writings will inspire others to visit that destination and unearth similar joys. It's my way of paying it forward, I guess. Back home, Eric frequently revisited the idea of a piece, but I couldn't do it. Bhutan had become more than a vacation destination; it was a sacred place that had tugged on my emotions. For the first time as a journalist, I worried that words would trivialize the experience. If you could only look inside my heart, you would learn so much about the country — my feelings as guidebook.

**W**hen I cover a destination, I set out with the mind-set of a journalist: I have a story to pursue, and I can't stray from this mission. For the sake of the piece, I have to push ahead, even if it leads me into uncomfortable territory. Occasionally, my professional shell cracks and exposes my vulnerabilities. For example, when I stayed at an eco-lodge deep in Brazil's Amazon, I relied on a monkey named Conchita to alleviate my loneliness. On a trip to Sochi, Russia, I stayed up all night watching the lights flicker and listening to the bones of my Soviet-era hotel groan. I knew that I was being paranoid — and channeling John le Carré — but I couldn't stop imagining KGB agents ramming down my door and shoving me into the trunk of a car. On a fall cruise in Canada, I ended up in a Nova Scotia hospital with an infected lung and a fear that the ship would depart without me. While waiting for the doctor, I imagined the ending to my piece: "I flew home, wheezing, while the ship sailed on."

In every event, I handled the crisis in question — medical or emotional — and completed the task. But, over the years, I have

discovered that a little discomfort or onset of the jitters can lead to a profound moment.

Last December I flew to Hong Kong to write about visiting cities and countries plagued by civil unrest. After several peaceful demonstrations, Hong Kong had suffered a spate of violent protests involving tear gas. I had signed up for a Kowloon walking tour scheduled on the Friday before a Sunday march. The guide delved into some darker themes, such as the housing crisis. He showed us a rooftop slum on top of an apartment building and a caged home, a lower bunk bed enclosed by a locked metal gate to safeguard the inhabitant and his personal belongings. After we parted, I looked harder at my surroundings.

I reached out to the owner of the tour company to thank him for the provocative excursion. Michael messaged back that he was leading a group at the protest and invited me along. At our meeting spot, he informed us that we were not participants; we were spectators. And he warned us that at any moment, we might have to bail. On a previous outing, he and several guests were exposed to tear gas, and he didn't want to risk the safety of his visitors again.

We joined a crowd dressed in black and carrying umbrellas for protection against everything but rain. Pro-democracy supporters handed out masks. Along the way, one member would call out a phrase and the others would respond. Michael translated the slogans for us. I didn't sense any danger until we neared the police station. I looked up and saw armed riot police lined up along a bridge that we had to walk under. Suddenly, umbrellas started to pop open. I didn't have an umbrella; I was just a spectator, after all — not that the cops up high could recognize the distinction.

I had been discussing the protesters' demands with a young woman, but she fell silent once we reached that tense spot. Without any exchange of words, she angled her umbrella so we both fit under it. We passed through without incident. The pace picked up, and the surge pulled the woman from our pack. But she looked back at me and flashed a peace sign, acknowledging that demonstrators and spectators were in this together.

As a journalist, I am usually observing from the fringes, never wanting to overshadow or interfere with events. But for a fleeting moment, I was in the thick of a movement that was both terrifying and exhilarating. The next day, I resumed my itinerary. Waiting in line at Victoria Peak, I knew that Hong Kong Island's tallest mountain would not have the same emotional lift as what I had experienced on the

*(Continued on Page 47)*



A photograph of a smiling senior couple embracing in front of a modern, light-colored house with a gabled roof. The woman is on the left, wearing a light-colored blazer, and the man is on the right, wearing a patterned polo shirt and khaki pants. They are both looking at each other and smiling.

# Your Home Can Be Your Castle

Whether you're looking for a new home or updating your current home, comfort and security are paramount at this time of life. If, like 90 percent of Americans, your wish is to remain in comfortable surroundings as you age, there is a wealth of help and options available to you. By making your home as safe and comfortable as you can, you'll be more likely to remain independent, surround yourself with familiar settings and routines, and enjoy a healthier and safer environment. Let your home truly be where your heart is. →

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## THE PROVIDENCE FAIRFAX OFFERS THE LATEST IN LUXURY LIVING

Opening in early 2021, The Providence Fairfax is the newest residence in the portfolio of Watermark Communities, known nationwide for its commitment to dramatically improving the quality of life of the residents it serves. "Watermark has led the way in the development of transformative programs that support not only residents' physical and intellectual health but also their emotional and spiritual well-being," says Providence Sales Director Amanda Earle.

Located in Fairfax, Virginia's emerging MetroWest neighborhood, The Providence will offer residents a modern, innovative, and welcoming place to call home. The strikingly designed mid-rise building will feature an inviting indoor/outdoor lifestyle with landscaped veranda, private balconies, and rooftop terrace with fire pit seating. The transit-oriented community offers the convenience of shops, restaurants and more, just minutes away from historical sites, higher education, and the metropolitan area's vibrant arts and culture scene.

The Providence, a hospitality-focused senior living community, will feature 100 Assisted Living and 30 Memory Care residences, as well as 24 residences in The Bridge program, because Watermark believes that memory care is not simply black and white. Studio, one- and two-bedroom residences will be offered on a monthly rental basis.

Comfortable and thoughtfully-designed Assisted Living residences will have modern kitchenettes, upgraded appliances, and oversized windows. The Memory Care neighborhood will have several comfortable common areas, including a living room,



**The Providence Fairfax**



**The Providence Fairfax**

an open kitchen with family-style seating, an art studio, and a large landscaped veranda. The community will feature select technologies to assist with resident well-being including security, sleep, exercise, and nutrition.

Amenities will abound at The Providence. Dining venues will include a formal dining room with open-hearth oven, a bistro and bar, as well as a private dining room. A wellness center will feature a salon and spa, a fully equipped fitness center, multiple activity venues, club

rooms, community room, and an expansive outdoor terrace. Additionally, the community is capped with a rooftop terrace with fire pit seating and a glass screen wall. Engagement programming will be structured by Watermark's award-winning Watermark University, which encourages residents, associates, and families to teach courses on what they are passionate about.

**For more information, call 571.396.0500 or visit [providencefairfax.watermarkcommunities.com](http://providencefairfax.watermarkcommunities.com). →**

*continued on page 40*





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From its enviable waterfront location on the Chesapeake Bay, BayWoods of Annapolis invites you to come and see why it may be the perfect home for you.

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The Chester is a 1,000 square foot elegant one bedroom, one bath unit with walk-in closets and large living spaces. Some Chester models also feature one-and-a-half-baths.

And with approximately 1,100 square feet, the Wye II model offers one-bedroom, one-bathroom units with dens and enclosed balconies. Some one-and-a-half-bath accommodations are also available for some units.

Did you know that BayWoods of Annapolis also provides short-term rehab services for the surrounding community, with Masters and Doctorate level therapists on site?

**To learn more about BayWoods and arrange for a tour, call 443.837.1208 or visit [baywoodsofannapolis.com](http://baywoodsofannapolis.com).**

## A DREAM REALIZED... SHENANDOAH VALLEY WESTMINSTER-CANTERBURY

Comfort, convenience, friendship, and fun await at Shenandoah Valley Westminster-Canterbury. Surrounded by nature and located within close proximity to either the old-town charm of Winchester or the lively energy of Washington D.C., the community is a resort-like



Baywoods Annapolis

PHOTO COURTESY BAYWOODS ANNAPOLIS

haven for relaxation or recreation each and every day.

Steeped in the charms of the Valley, Winchester's picturesque, quaint setting is matched by its colorful history and significant historical landmarks. What started as a small town has grown to be a delightful, family-oriented community. The abundance of cultural offerings and diversity of unique retailers, great restaurants, and more make it the perfect setting for Shenandoah Valley Westminster-Canterbury, which welcomed its first residents in 1987.

With a focus on resident

comfort, a variety of floor plans fits any need and desire, providing gracious, carefree senior living. Duplex cottages range from 1,563 to 1,900 square feet while freestanding cottages provide even more space at 2,550 square feet. Apartments in the main building range from 709 square feet to full-size offerings up to 1,987 square feet. The new Villas at SVWC will offer even more options with one- and two-bedroom apartments ranging from 1,186 to 2,036 square feet.

All units feature the same access to superior amenities, →

*continued on page 42*



Shenandoah Valley Westminster-Canterbury

PHOTO COURTESY SHENANDOAH VALLEY WESTMINSTER-CANTERBURY



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Call 410-609-5515 or visit [www.thevillageatprovidencepoint.org](http://www.thevillageatprovidencepoint.org) today!



The Village at Providence Point is sponsored by National Lutheran Communities & Services, a faith-based, not-for-profit ministry of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, serving people of all beliefs. The Village at Providence Point is subject to the final approval of the Maryland Department of Aging.



including a maintenance-free lifestyle, fitness services, four dining venues, a chapel, social excursion opportunities, and an eclectic menu of 200 activities a week, including performances such as the Bistro Concert Series and live culinary demonstrations, guest speakers, and other exciting programs. The on-site Courtyard with water feature, a 14-acre natural preserve, a resident garden area, a dog park, and a greenhouse enhance the beauty of the location.

Shenandoah Valley Westminster-Canterbury's Lifecare program provides a full continuum of care right on campus, all under one roof, from independent living to private assisted living and skilled nursing residences, with memory care and rehabilitation. With Lifecare, your initial entrance fee and monthly service fee ensure access to these services with

minimal change in your monthly fee. Lifecare helps you plan because you'll know your costs in advance. In fact, Lifecare may offer you significant tax advantages.

**For more information or to schedule a virtual tour, visit**

**[www.svwc.org](http://www.svwc.org) or call 540.665.5914 or 800.492.9463.**

**FLOORING AMERICA CAN UPDATE YOUR HOME FOR RETIREMENT LIVING**

The kids are grown and out of →

*continued on page 44*



PHOTO COURTESY FLOORING AMERICA

## We Are Open!

Come see why BayWoods of Annapolis is right for you.

### How Do You Thank a Hero?

There are hardly words to thank our team members, first responders, essential employees and professional partners for their hard work and dedication.

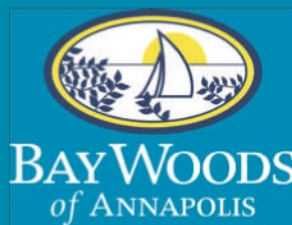
Our caring and professional staff stepped up to the challenge making residents safety a top priority during this unprecedented time. The following precautions are now in place.

- Daily screening of employees upon entering the workplace.
- Temporarily closing the community to outside visitors and non-essential employees. Independent living residents are able to visit family members in a temporary designated area located outdoors.
- Hosting movies, concerts and other activities outdoors under a covered tent, adhering to CDC COVID guidelines.
- Our supervised fitness center, pool and other activities are open on a modified schedule with social distancing rules in place.
- Meal delivery to residents' doors from our in-house chef.
- Personal shopping is available for groceries and other essential items from our internal store.
- Seminars and lectures are now virtual.



Thanks to you, our staff and residents remain resilient and **BayWoods Strong!**

Thank you,  
Jim Harrington  
Director of Business Development



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The Providence Fairfax



The Seneca Rockville



The Landing Alexandria

## The Élite Collection Brings Elevated Senior Living to the D.C. Metro Area

A new collection of elevated senior living communities with unparalleled amenities and innovative care rooted in hospitality is quickly emerging in hand-picked, curated neighborhoods in the D.C. metropolitan area.

**Boutique-Style Living** — Silverstone Senior Living, in partnership with the award-winning operator Watermark Retirement Communities®, created The Élite Collection for a discerning audience accustomed to the utmost level of quality. The Élite Collection blends the best features of luxury residential communities with high-end hospitality, typically experienced in resorts, hotels and spas, to create boutique-style senior living. “Silverstone develops best-in-class, boutique-by-design senior living residences in distinctive destinations that are as comfortable as home, as luxurious as a country club and provide sophisticated state-of-the-art services and personal care,” explains Denny Alberts, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Silverstone Senior Living.

**Live and Learn** — These communities offer elegance at every touchpoint along with unparalleled opportunities to dine, discover, engage, learn, relax and rejuvenate. Residents can immerse themselves in a built-in community with invigorating wellness, vibrant local culture and a spirited lifestyle along with innovative, attentive and responsive care. Each community will offer Watermark University with numerous opportunities for true engagement that creates connected communities characterized by spiritual richness, physical vitality and social concord. Watermark University invites residents and associates to lead classes and share what they are passionate about or long to explore.

**Inspired Neighborhoods** — The Élite Collection invites residents to live in neighborhoods full of cultural enrichment with access to arts, entertainment, educational centers and desirable destinations for shopping and dining. Each community is located within a vibrant mixed-use neighborhood offering a friendly, walkable environment with a variety of housing options, articulate streetscapes, welcoming open spaces, access to multiple modes of transportation and close proximity to convenience shopping and specialty dining experiences.

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**The Seneca Rockville**  
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Located near the celebrated  
King Farm neighborhood  
Opening summer 2021

**The Landing Alexandria**  
2620 Main Line Blvd., Alexandria, VA  
Located at National Landing's  
Potomac Yard  
Opening early 2022

The leasing gallery for **The Providence** is now open at 8280 Willow Oaks Corporate Drive, Suite 600. Virtual tours are available and early reservations are eligible for significant savings. To speak with a leasing representative, please call **571-396-0500**. For more information, visit [watermarkcommunities.com](http://watermarkcommunities.com).





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Homewood at Frederick is beginning to take reservations for the next phase of patio homes. These spacious homes feature two bedrooms and two bathrooms.

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**For more information, contact Homewood at Frederick at 301.644.5600 or 301.732.6158, email [frederickmktg@homewood.org](mailto:frederickmktg@homewood.org), or visit [homewoodfrederick.com](http://homewoodfrederick.com).**



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PHOTO COURTESY HOMWOOD AT FREDERICK



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# Discover The Villas

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Patriot Hills camp in Antarctica's Ellsworth Mountains. The author and her mother visited the continent before the pandemic.

*(Continued from Page 36)*

ground. Nevertheless, I boarded the tram and felt myself rising up for an entirely different reason this time. Part of being a travel writer is never lingering long in one place or on one moment, even when my private self wants to stay.

**I** have this crazy idea," my mother said to me on the phone one night last year. Semi-excruciating pause. "I want to go to Antarctica, and I want you to come with me."

Antarctica would be a first for both of us, but also a last: We have visited six continents, and Antarctica would be our number seven. The trip would also be my mother's final epic journey. Because of her age, she planned to retire her wanderlust after Antarctica. I was there, in part, to provide support: carrying her bags, pulling off her polar boots, telling her how proud I was of her grit and guts. But I was also going for us, the bittersweet finale of our mother-and-daughter adventures.

On the two-day journey to Antarctica, we watched South America fade in the rearview window. Without the shoreline to distract, we turned our attention to the sea and sky. A Scottish ornithologist, one of several wildlife specialists onboard, pointed out albatrosses and petrels dancing on the wind currents. I searched the water for penguins and nearly knocked my mother over when I spotted a group arcing over the

waves, their small inky bodies shaped like commas. We attended every lecture on every topic: birds, whales, the Antarctic Treaty, environmental conservation. At dinner we traded travel yarns with other passengers, swapping recommendations for future trips that I might take but my mother never would.

For shore landings, the crew divided us into groups. When they called our section, I helped my mother collect all of her layers and escorted her down to the dressing area. I zipped up her expedition coat and adjusted her hat over her ears. She waddled to the boat landing like a toddler stuffed inside a snowsuit. We boarded a Zodiac and balanced on the edge of the inflatable dinghy. My mother was content to touch Antarctica from inside the boat, pressing her palm against a rock on the water's edge. Our romantic view of Antarctica was abruptly interrupted, though, when a leopard seal snatched a penguin from an ice shelf and shook it inside-out before dining on it. (A reminder that not only travelers are on a mission.)

After a few days, my mother's energy started to wane, and I often went on shore without her. Upon returning, I would excitedly share stories about, say, a minke whale that swam under our boat or the Gentoo that courted me with his smooth penguin moves. But I could feel her slowly slipping away from these types of experiences that are unique to traveling, and, for many reasons, I dreaded the end of the trip: leaving a place of unparalleled beauty and fascination, completing a lifelong goal. And moving on to new places and possibilities without my mother.

When we returned to the States, I could think only of sleep. A few weeks later, we were all sent home from work — the pandemic was spreading across the globe. I had to cancel all travel plans. My world had shrunk so suddenly, and has stayed that way, but I know it will expand once more. When it does, I can leave again for home. **top**

Andrea Sachs is a Washington Post staff writer.



**REVELER'S HOUR** 1775 Columbia Rd. NW. 202-588-1616. [revelershous.com](http://revelershous.com). Open: Lunch (takeout or delivery only) 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday; dinner (inside and outside) 5:30 to 8:30 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday. Prices: Lunch sandwiches \$13; dinner appetizers \$11 to \$16; burgers, pastas and fried chicken \$16 to \$35. Dinner takeout available 5:30 to 8 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday. Delivery via Caviar. Accessibility: The entrance has an automatic door, and the restroom is ADA-compliant.



## For now, revelry feels comfortable outdoors

Welcome to the apocalypse” isn’t the hello I anticipated upon my September return to Reveler’s Hour, my first visit to the handsome pasta-and-wine house in Adams Morgan since the Before Times. But the mordant humor seems fitting at a moment when restaurants are fighting for their lives and some businesses, including this one, have turned outdoor spaces into dining “lots” as a way to offer seating to people who aren’t yet ready to cross restaurant thresholds.

So here we are, several storefronts removed from the actual Reveler’s Hour, on the asphalt division between a couple of condo buildings. The pattern will be familiar to those who continue to dine away from home. Tables are spaced for social distancing and affixed with QR codes to call up menus. Servers ask diners to keep masks on when interacting with staff, and unlike inside the restaurant, much of the food is ferried in brown paper bags and eaten with single-use utensils. The experience is little like what the trio of owners envisioned when they opened in January, around the corner from their beloved Tail Up Goat. Yet beverage director Bill Jensen, executive chef Jon Sybert and service director Jill Tyler are doing their best to make sure their brand of hospitality endures. Tyler says she has a new mantra: “Whatever

Reveler’s Hour co-owner Bill Jensen presents diners with a selection of wines in an outdoor dining area set up between two condo buildings near the restaurant in Adams Morgan.

happens is not a failure. This is outside our control.”

For those who have yet to give it a taste test, let me catch you up on Reveler’s Hour. The restaurant closed mid-March because so much was unknown and the owners’ first priority was the safety of its employees. In May, the space reopened as a market, and July marked its return as a dine-in restaurant. August saw the addition of the parking lot for alfresco service.

Most of the first courses are salads, with the season dictating what you’ll find in your bowl (I’ll miss you, summer beans!) and little details, like the precise croutons coaxed from housemade sourdough, making big impressions. The kitchen smokes its own scallops, good ones from





From top: Smoked eggplant cappellacci with lamb, peppers and mint; co-owners, from left, Jon Sybert, Jill Tyler and Bill Jensen; the fried chicken dinner is presented with the main course wrapped in butcher's paper and twine.

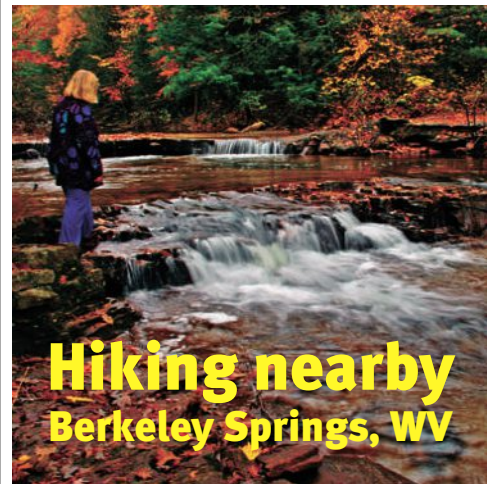
Cape May, then arranges thick slices of them in a box with a drift of squash lightened with mascarpone and fresh mint. The food might be presented in plastic or cardboard, but by golly, its handlers still want to make a good impression. "I feel like I'm at a picnic," a companion says as we pluck containers from bags and spread the dishes on the table.

Pasta was a major draw from opening day and remains a highlight. Typically, there are four choices forcing tough decisions. Anchovies, my desert island condiment, lend umami to bucatini and roasted sungold tomatoes, strewn with toasted bread crumbs for contrast. The more unusual pasta involves tender crown shapes plumped with a whip of smoked eggplant and ricotta and dressed with fried red pepper, pulled roasted lamb and torn mint to brighten the assembly.

The moon is visible now, and so are the solar-powered lanterns set against the perimeter of the outdoor space, acquired after its owner, Michael Postal of Tenacity Group, dropped by Reveler's Hour for a sandwich and offered up the real estate.

Like many of his peers, Sybert never thought he would be flipping burgers and frying chicken at this stage of his career, but if comfort is what people want, comfort is what they can find on his current menu. Now may be a golden age for fried chicken, as chefs around the country vie to come up with a bird of a different feather. One distinctive feature here is the packaging. The main event comes in brown butcher paper held together with twine. It's a simple and attractive gesture. Beneath the wrapping is more to cheer, brined fried chicken that sounds like feet on gravel when you bite down and spurts hot juices. Have a napkin ready. And an appetite, since the chicken is just part of the fun. Along for the ride are boxes with big, crisp-bottomed biscuits; sweet and hot pickles; a starch (chunky potato salad with plentiful fresh dill most recently); and condiments. Too bad Sybert can't see diners' faces light up when they tuck into the feast.

Outdoor dining rooms are at the mercy of the elements. So I appreciate the text message I got several hours before my return date with Reveler's Hour. "Please bundle up!" it read. "It is chilly and we don't have heaters." I could practically hear Tyler typing her concern and assuring me she would understand if I opted



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**The Washington Post Magazine**





Unwrapped, the fried chicken dinner includes half a bird, biscuits, dips and sides, which could include pickles and potato salad.

out. “Happy to cancel and waive the fee if it’s too chilly for you,” the text continued. “Please just let us know by 5 p.m.” (The restaurant charges \$25 for cancellations made after then, which is fair, as is the 22 percent service fee that replaces tipping. This and other information is shared on the restaurant’s website.)

The burgers are a lot for the mouth, but I prefer the lunch-only sandwiches. The BLT is a noble union of thick, smoky bacon, espelette aioli and toasty house-baked bread, and what I admire about the meatball sammy is its reluctance to play the heavy. Ahead of eating the construction, I mapped out nap time, then surprised myself by staying alert for the rest of the afternoon. That’s how light the combination of fluffy meatballs and tender brioche comes across. Bridging beef and bread is mozzarella that the kitchen makes fresh each day and that, once warmed, completes the sandwich. Lunch orders can be retrieved from the basically idle bar, which has been transformed into a wine market. Bottles beckon from the counter, the walls and the alcoves that morph into window tables at night.

Jensen is one of the most enthusiastic and knowledgeable wine sellers I know. Even with a mask on, diners can tell he’s smiling as he rhapsodizes about Maryland wines, grape juice made by Black producers, and a bottle that’s half cabernet franc, half merlot and presents like a light red or a rich rosé. (Meet the 2019 Chateau La Bourree from Bordeaux.)

One of the better ideas to emerge from the pandemic is Jensen’s pivot to hosting Sunday wine classes online. With advance notice, Reveler’s Hour can curate a case for you, based on three adjectives that describe your taste — or even a poem you submit. (Reveler’s Hour borrows from a line from an ancient Greek drinking song, translated by Irish bard Thomas Moore.)

The restaurant acquired a new pastry chef this spring. Her name is Annie Coleman, she last worked at the Dabney, and she makes things lots of people like: flourless chocolate cake with toasted hazelnuts, caramelized apple-fennel tart with roasted fennel dulce de leche ice cream, and ice cream sandwiches. The last seals minty ice cream between two thick chocolate rounds; gourmands, here’s your peppermint patty. Like the savory sandwiches, the sweet ones are wrapped in butcher paper and too easy to eat. Which is why I attribute to this beacon of hope at least three of my “Quarantine 15” (going on 16).

## KEY TO THE PREVIOUS SECOND GLANCE OCT. 11



1. No shadow
2. Wider divide
3. Extended seat
4. Missing pumpkin
5. More shadow
6. New pumpkin
7. More trim
8. No wheel hub
9. Another pumpkin
10. No chimney
11. Missing shadow
12. No stem

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE: SCREEN NAMES OCT. 11

|    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| DE | J | A | S | C | A | T |   | G | N | U | S |   | O | W | N | S |   |   |   |   |
| A  | N | O | N | H | O | N | E | D |   | P | L | A | T | T | U | H | O | H |   |   |
| M  | C | A | T | A | L | T | A | R |   | R | A | I | T | A |   | T | O | T | E |   |
| N  | O | N | E | D | A | I | S | Y | R | I | D | L | E | Y |   | L | O | R | D |   |
| S  | U | N | D | A | E | S |   | P | E | A | C | H |   | R | E | C | I | P | E | S |
|    | R | E | A | D | S |   | C | O | R | N | E | A | L |   | D | A | V | I | D |   |
| W  | A | F | T | S |   | H | O | O |   | N | I | C |   | B | E | G | A | N |   |   |
| O  | G | R | E |   | J | O | H | N | G | O | O | D | M | A | N |   | D | O | M | E |
| N  | E | O |   | A | U | T | O |   | A | H | A |   | B | L | O | B |   | L | E | T |
|    |   | G | R | A | S | P |   | A | D | O | R | E |   | I | S | A | I | D |   |   |
| L  | O | G | I | S | T | I | C | S |   |   | S | E | P | T | E | M | B | E | R |   |
| I  | M | A | C |   | I | N | C | H | A | R | A | C | T | E | R |   | D | E | V | O |
| R  | E | T | H | I | N | K | S |   | R | A | T |   | C | R | A | T | E | R | E | D |
| E  | N | T | E | R |   | B | A | I | L | S |   |   | E | A | G | L | E |   |   |   |
|    |   | R | A | C | H | E | L | B | L | A | N | C | H | A | R | D |   |   |   |   |
| B  | O | P |   | T | A | I | N | T | S |   | S | L | O | O | P | S |   | A | R | T |
| O  | N | E | T | E | N | T |   |   | A | R | P | E | G | G | I | O |   |   |   |   |
| Y  | O | R | E |   | M | A | S | T |   | D | I | S | S |   | R | O | P | E |   |   |
|    |   | H | A | Y | D | E | N | C | H | R | I | S | T | E | N | S | E | N |   |   |
| R  | E | A | R | E | D |   | C | H | E | A | D | L | E |   | A | W | E | I | G | H |
| I  | M | P | A | L | A |   | E | M | I | T | T | E | D |   | B | A | N | Z | A | I |
| M  | O | S | T | L | Y |   | O | R | E | O | S |   | S | T | E | E | P | S |   |   |



### ***Hive time***

BY RANDY MAYS

Find the 12 differences in the photo of beehives at Frying Pan Farm Park at Kidwell Farm in Herndon in July.

### **PUZZLE ANSWERS**

See them online now at [washingtonpost.com/secondglance](http://washingtonpost.com/secondglance) or in next week's issue of the magazine.

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To submit a photo of the Washington area for use in Second Glance, email a high-resolution jpeg attachment of 8 megapixels or larger to [secondglance@washpost.com](mailto:secondglance@washpost.com). For information about our guidelines for user content, see [washingtonpost.com/secondglance](http://washingtonpost.com/secondglance).





This puzzle's "expansion pack" spells out an apt seven-letter word.

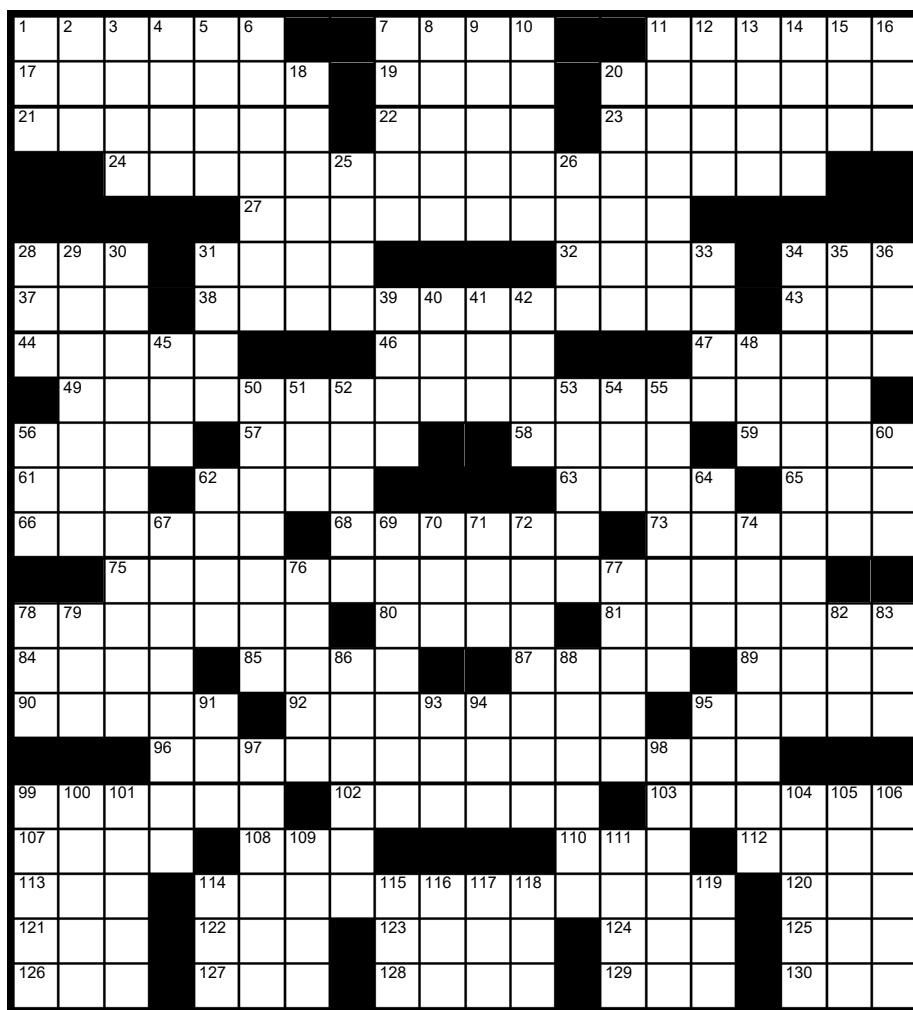
## ACROSS

- 1 "Captain Phillips"  
Oscar nominee  
Barkhad Abdi, by birth
- 7 Go over some powder
- 11 Far cry?
- 17 Setting of Anne  
Enright's 2015 book  
"The Green Road"
- 19 Display of defiance,  
informally
- 20 Fighting force
- 21 More likely to exhibit  
spiteful behavior
- 22 Place mentioned in  
many publications by  
the Sentencing Project
- 23 Branch of biology
- 24 \*U.S. president who  
signed the Marshall  
Plan (direction)
- 27 \*Music festival swag  
(test answer)
- 28 Site of yoga classes
- 31 Oscar nominee for  
best costume design  
for "Indiscretion of an  
American Wife" (1954)
- 32 Spotted
- 34 Consumer protection?
- 37 "\_\_\_ bad!"
- 38 \*Like "Argo" or "Fargo"  
(gearshift option)
- 43 Creator of the musical  
"New York Rock"
- 44 "Whole \_\_\_ Rosie"  
(AC/DC song)
- 46 Siding protector
- 47 Shimogamo Shrine site
- 49 \*Pizza chain that once  
featured animatronic  
shows (drug)
- 56 General Mills product
- 57 Statement after a trip
- 58 Manner of speaking
- 59 Boxes providing  
balances, briefly
- 61 Be down with a bug
- 62 Cover of the song  
"Winter Wonderland"?
- 63 Complex space
- 65 Org. that released the  
Smoke Sense app
- 66 Darjeeling pouch

- 68 Subjects of Facebook alerts
- 73 Old Testament hunter that  
inspired one of Elgar's  
"Enigma Variations"
- 75 \*Some steak orders (ideal  
gas law variable)
- 78 Regarding that matter
- 80 Split territory?
- 81 Best in moving products
- 84 Litmus test substance
- 85 "Never gonna happen"
- 87 Aeschylus's "lord of strife"
- 89 "\_\_\_ you!"
- 90 Table that may hold a statue  
of Buddha
- 92 Former SoCal athlete
- 95 Gave (out)
- 96 \*Major antioxidant in orange  
juice (scale)
- 99 "The Sound of Music" song  
about musical notes
- 102 Ruler called "the Great"
- 103 Animated group that  
celebrates Rainbow Day  
and Unhappiness Day
- 107 Did a caricature of
- 108 Forest ruminant
- 110 Dakota, to Elle
- 112 Far from flush
- 113 Eliminate remotely?
- 114 \*Time to attack (element)
- 120 Turn back
- 121 One could last a few years
- 122 Immature iris, say
- 123 Fiery feeling
- 124 Like gnomes
- 125 Sydney rock engraving  
depiction
- 126 "Animal Farm" structure
- 127 Black trailer?
- 128 Spread dandelion seeds,  
say
- 129 Obey sigma notation in  
a math class
- 130 Match, in a game

## DOWN

- 1 Tiny taste
- 2 Pyrolusite, e.g.
- 3 Blue "Breaking Bad"  
stuff
- 4 Ski resort featuring the  
Devil's Castle peak
- 5 Villain's venue
- 6 Tendency to stay at rest
- 7 Missouri Western State  
University city, familiarly
- 8 Parties by palms
- 9 Pulitzer winner Wharton
- 10 See 118 Down
- 11 They're examined during  
a rhinoscopy
- 12 Marine symbol of silence
- 13 \_\_\_ Repulsa (villain in  
"Mighty Morphin Power  
Rangers")
- 14 School that awards the  
Queen's Prize for French
- 15 Curling asset
- 16 Might
- 18 Fungal problem for wood
- 20 Many a revolutionary
- 25 "You bet!"
- 26 Natural pollution fighter
- 28 Chris Redd's show, for  
short
- 29 Animated dog voiced by  
Homer Simpson
- 30 By this exact deadline
- 31 Short movie monster?
- 33 Feint like Wayne Gretzky



- 34 Child support?
- 35 Not going too fast, say
- 36 Bad routine reaction
- 39 Play station on a  
virtual game night
- 40 Gym \_\_\_
- 41 Lifestyle vlogger  
Gutowski
- 42 Piece of formal attire
- 45 Piece of formal attire
- 48 Affirmative vote
- 50 Dealers' boss
- 51 Introspective style
- 52 Shrink back in terror
- 53 "\_\_\_ guys" (informal  
pronoun)
- 54 Lisa Ling's employer
- 55 Incredibly terrible
- 56 One sleeping in a  
bookstore, perhaps
- 60 Dismal
- 62 Uniform
- 64 Go green, say
- 67 Suffering, as from loss
- 69 "Rhoda" actress Harper
- 70 H, for a sorority
- 71 "Change of Habit" role
- 72 "The Chronicles of  
Narnia: The Voyage of  
the Dawn \_\_\_"
- 74 Ruins
- 76 "\_\_\_ Holmes" (2020  
Netflix mystery film)
- 77 Transvaal settlers
- 78 "Don't know yet" letters
- 79 Sparks on a TV set
- 82 False-sounding solution
- 83 Inspiration for "Day  
Tripper," per McCartney
- 86 Treat especially well
- 88 Stuff in some Heinz jars
- 91 Canyon section
- 93 Mid-Atlantic colonist?
- 94 Postgame wrap material
- 95 Uncommunicative
- 97 Sweep the floors, say
- 98 Put forth
- 99 Stunned states
- 100 Genre of Marina  
Apollonio's works
- 101 Settle, as a loan
- 104 Levels
- 105 Lighter emission
- 106 Smooth move
- 109 Poker player's study
- 111 Grotto of Redemption's  
state
- 114 "Euphoria" network
- 115 Jupiter, e.g.
- 116 Gadot of "Justice  
League"
- 117 Construct for Freud
- 118 With 10 Down, site of  
the Hindustan Times's  
headquarters
- 119 "\_\_\_ Dead  
Redemption 2"  
(Western-themed  
video game)



# I'm not a doctor, but I play one at home

**I** went to the doctor the other day. This would not ordinarily be news, but because of the pandemic, it is. For six months, like many people, I've been practicing home medical care. It has not gone well.

For one thing, my technical knowledge is limited to the research I did for a fraudulent humorous quack medical book I wrote 20 years ago. How disreputable and ignorant was it? For proper optical hygiene, for example, I suggested vigorously scouring your eyeballs with a toothbrush.

Anyway, the following conversation occurred in my house:

**Me:** Can you check the heel of my right foot?

**Rachel:** Whoa. That's definitely something.

**Me:** "Definitely something" is your official diagnosis?

**Rachel:** It might be a carbuncle. I think if you can get it out with scissors, it's probably a bleb. I am the only person in this house who can see the bottom of your foot, other than the dog, so I am the resident expert.

**Me:** You have no idea what you are talking about.

**Rachel:** No, but I think we could apply homespun remedies that have been used by ignorant idiots for millennia. We could bury a potato under a harvest moon, and see if that works out. We could also apply a poultice of whatever is around.

We looked around. Mostly, we found mustard and peanut butter and rainbow sprinkles. We don't shop that much anymore. I did buy epsom salts, because I heard it was good for feet, but when I read the label I learned it is mostly used as a laxative.

We decided to watch my lump for a bit more time, and we did, until it became the size of a prune. Finally, I went to a podiatrist. Now you might think that confronting a doctor in a mask is no big deal, since doctors wear masks a lot, particularly if they are operating on you, which this doctor proceeded to do. He used scissors.

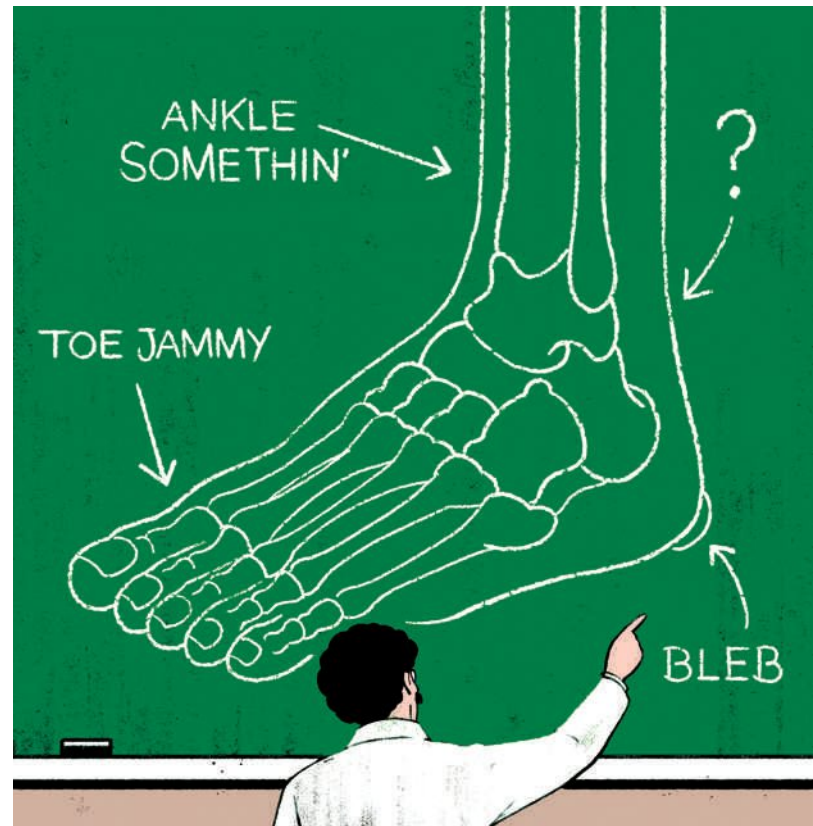
**Me:** IS IT A BLEB?

**Doctor:** It's just a thing on your foot.

I swear he actually said that.

Another thing that happened during my home-medical period was that I now am missing a tooth. It's a molar. I got it pulled and then the pandemic hit before I could get an implant, and then there were stories that in a pandemic dentists are more dangerous than Russian umbrella-stab political assassins. So I never got the implant. Dentally, I present to the world like a meth addict.

I do have an actual medical professional in my family whom I can, and do, go to for advice. It is my daughter, who is a veterinarian and who is very careful about not pretending to knowledge she doesn't have. She knows everything, however, and humans are animals, too, and she gives good advice but I need to be



***I do have an actual medical professional in my family whom I can, and do, go to for advice. It is my daughter, who is a veterinarian.***

subtle. When I call her I have to begin with a disclaimer such as "Okay, imagine I am a gopher ..."

Anyway, I am trying to still stay away from doctors, which is why I didn't bring Buster the cat to the local vet when he started convulsing in paroxysms of sneezing. We thought he might have covid-19, until Rachel noticed he had something protruding from a nostril. Using all of my medical experience, I pulled it out. It was a two-inch-long blade of grass.

Money saved: \$200. Medical thrill: Priceless.

Email Gene Weingarten at [gene.weingarten@washpost.com](mailto:gene.weingarten@washpost.com). Find chats and updates at [washingtonpost.com/magazine](http://washingtonpost.com/magazine).



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